THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ASHES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY E. MARGARET STARR.

What has my life brought me ever?
Hopes that were bright as the roses lip,
Dreams like the dews that the wild bees sip,
Ambition that lured me and led me on,
Till the hill-top was gained and victory won.

What has my life brought me ever?
Wearisome years of toiling and care,
Days full of anguish and wild despair,
Believing and trusting, betrayal and wrong,
Why should I mourn if that life be not long?

What has my life brought me ever?
Gold that I spurn with a loathing now,
Fame that may crown but a pallid brow,
Friends that come only at fortune's call,
This has it brought me—oh, say is this all?

Weary heart answer—say where is thy trust?
Where is thine Idol? mouldered to dust,
Where is the bright bow that once arched thy sky?
Where are the glad hopes that bore thee so high?

What will death bring me? a dreamless rest,
Free from the tempests that rage in the breast;
Cessation from anguish, and care, and strife,
Which make up this sadness which we call life.

LOVE ON THE PRAIRIE.

CHINESE LADIES TAKING THE AIR.

Any one who may have watched in the first weeks of spring the numerous emigrant trains on the Upper Missouri, will have observed that with the majority of the persons, whose destination is the golden California, nearly all other feelings are driven back by a joyous confidence and a glad hope in the future. The haste with which they strive to cross the border line of civilization; the careful observation to which all the articles of the outfit are subjected, in order to repair, add, or throw away things prior to the start; the frank way in which they form acquaintance with those with whom they intend to perform the long journey, which will occupy months; and, finally, the levity with which money is squandered, because they believe that they are going to pass several months in a region where, with the best will in the world, it is impossible to spend money, and then reach a country where they will only require to stretch out a hand in order to surround themselves with affluence and superfluities—all this helps to remove repentance and stifle complaints about leaving a beloved home. At times a glimpse can be caught of hidden tears, which the mother's anxiety as to the future of her children forces into her eyes, otherwise all are cheerful and happy, and wherever earnest thoughts threaten to arise, every effort is made to dissolve them by amusement. The people may be excused, for their light-heartedness is justified. They have only learned from the numerous descriptions which have reached them the bright side of the undertaking, and the seductive attractions of a journey through the desert. They have heard of the rich, golden reward which follows upon persevering industry; for of those who went to the new country before them only such returned as had met with success, and who, in describing their collected experiences, only alluded to their good fortune.

But in a very short time these poor persons are bitterly undeceived. A few weeks suffice to rob the dream-of merry life in wild, free nature, of its last deceptive shimmer, and to depress the most powerful mind in the presence of inevitable misery, resulting from contageous diseases and irreparable losses of draught cattle. Just as the smoke of the camp fires disappears without leaving a trace in the pure sky above the silent prairie, as the report of the rifle dies out without an echo, so the assurances of mutual assistance break down, and the promises of eternal friendship, interchanged in the hour of careless security, are forgotten.

All hurry on, in order to reach in the farthest west the protecting regions of a quickly rising and growing civilization. Forwards, with the outlay of every bodily and mental effort, so as to lose no time; for time is now more than money—it is life. Any one who lags is left behind; he must help himself, and may Heaven be merciful to him! Who would risk his own life for that of others? Forwards! the wild beasts and equally savage natives threaten; hunger, thirst, and disease threaten, and, therefore, forwards! A melancholy look is given to those who, hardly treated by fate, are obliged to leave the train; the promise to give them the fullest aid on their arrival in California sounds like cruel mockery in their ears, and soon after the dust cloud rising in the west is the last thing that is left them of their former travelling companions. They desperately gaze after it, so long as it is visible; they desperately look in the direction whence they have come; all around them is a silence of death, and a terrifying solitude only animated by a herd of flying antelopes and a pack of hungry wolves.

I had, with two other white hunters, joined a troop of Oglala Indians, and was encamped with the latter on the north side of Platte river, in the neighborhood of Scott's Bluffs. The remarkable perfectly isolated sandstone chimney was within our range of vision, and a long range of wildly-rent highlands, rising precipitously from the prairie to the west of the Bluff, announced the beginning of the Rocky Mountains.

The emigrant road ran along the south side of the river, parallel with the latter, so that when we proceeded to a neighboring mountain on the undulating ground, we could at times see thence the long emigrant trains, coming towards Scott's Bluffs, like long snakes with black and white rings, and then be gradually concealed from our sight by the misty blue ranges of hills. According as the trains were provided with oxen or horses, and hence travelled more quickly or slowly, they remained visible for from two to four days on the plain, which was not interrupted by any elevation. It was, consequently, easy for us to calculate with tolerable exactness to what point we should proceed in order to come up with a caravan in the evening, and offer our productions for sale.

Our wares consisted of fresh and dried buffalo meat, and as game was rarely visible in the vicinity of the noisy travellers, while the black columns of bisons crossed the road either a long way behind or before the caravan, we always found willing purchasers, who paid long prices for fresh meat, and were glad to meet with people of our stamp. The proximity of the emigrant road was advantageous to us, for all the game that was disturbed on the south side of the river passed along on the north near us, and merrier buffalo hunts than those we had with our Indian comrades have rarely taken place on a proportionately so restricted ground.

The chief bodies of emigrants had passed; the grey dust-clouds rose more rarely on the eastern horizon; considerable sums of money had been shared between us, and we had almost arranged the time when we should give up our butchery, and commence our return to the Sioux villages and the trading posts of the fur company, when all at once a very large caravan, provided with horses and mules, and hence travelling very rapidly, appeared.

The party camped about twelve miles from us in a southeastern direction on the bank of the Platte, and on the following morning we went there with four horseloads of meat. We found the people quite exhausted, for we had scarce guided our horses ashore out of the broad but shallow river, when the men hurried up from all sides in order to buy as much meat as they could for themselves and their families. There was no bargaining; the meat was weighed by hand, and paid for at a guess, and, though we had the best reason to rejoice, many a hearty shake of the hand and a pull at the well-filled pocket-pistols were offered us.

An hour had not elapsed when we rode down again with our lightened horses into the river, and at the expiration of two more hours we were seated with our other comrades round a fire fed with *bois de vache*, and enjoying the roasted juicy loin of a young buffalo cow.

As usual, our first walk on the next morning was to the neighboring hill. We looked out thence for the black forms of the bisons, but at the same time for fresh caravans with which we could have a deal. The caravan which we had visited the previous evening must have set out again at a very early hour, for the rear had already disappeared behind Scott's Bluffs. Eastward, too, there was no sign of the approach of human beings, but in a bottom we perceived the white glistening tilt of a single travelling wagon. As we saw no draught animals near it, which could not have escaped us in the peculiarly clear atmosphere, we supposed that, as was frequently the case, the cart had been abandoned by its owners as a useless burden. It must, at any rate, have been standing there since the middle of the previous day, and had probably escaped our notice because it was in a bottom, while we, on our ride to the emigrants' camp, had purposely avoided the heights. We soon changed our minds, however, for, after a more careful investigation, we discovered that the forms moving about near the cart were not wolves, but human beings, who by their conduct and movements displayed no slight degree of restlessness. Partly through curiosity, partly because we had nothing better to do, and partly to give the travellers the pleasure of fresh meat, we three white hunters resolved to ride across. Without any lengthened hesitation, we, therefore, fastened as much meat on our saddles as we could conveniently carry, and when we mounted, two Oglalas joined us, with no other intention, however, than giving their impetuous mustangs a little exercise, though possibly they hoped to get a little finery from the white folks.

Our party thus consisted of five members: two young white hunters, who were in the happy years between twenty and thirty; a thorough veteran trapper, who had probably traversed the desert for as many years as we numbered; then came an equally old Oglala warrior, who in his external appearance reminded me not a little of the romantic heroes of Cooper, and, lastly, a young, splendidly built lad of the same tribe, who had not yet gained his spurs, and liked to conceal the fact that neither his costume nor his weapons were as yet ornamented with the black scalp locks of a slain foe.

We rode fast, though more out of habit than anything else, and the last dew drops had not been drunk up by the rising sun when we were seeking a spot in the river, where we could cross without peril from drift sand and current. When we reached the other bank, we were only a short distance from our destination. We covered it in silence, for each was more or less engaged in thought about the group at the wagon, which looked so different from what we had expected, and to which the remark of our old comrade, "The devil must have been at work here," was quite adapted.

In the wagon and around it we noticed seven persons of different ages, but evidently all belonging to one family. I fancied I could recognize in an elderly woman the mother, in a still older man the father and husband, and in a girl of about seventeen, another of ten, and three powerful lads, of whom the eldest did not exceed eighteen years, the children of the two first mentioned persons. The looks and demeanor of all of them most distinctly expressed deep grief and anxiety—tears even stood in the eyes of the mother and her daughters, but the father chiefly attracted our attention and sympathy. He was leaning against the pole with folded arms; he kept his eyes obstinately fixed on the ground, and was so buried in dumb grief and wild desperation, that he seemed blinded against all external impressions, and, on our approach, did not once look up to us. His eldest daughter, a remarkably pretty girl with soft blue eyes, was standing behind him; she had laid her hand tenderly on his shoulder, and I noticed that, while she gazed timidly at us, she gently nudged her father, in order to draw his attention to the foreigners.

The old man stood there apathetic and silent, and it was not till we came close up to him and old Sanglier (such was the prairie name of our grisly comrade) saluted him in his rough way, that he raised his eyes to us. Although we white hunters had not much more to arouse confidence, in our worn leathern shirts, than the Indians in their savage, fantastic ornaments, still our appearance did not seem at all to surprise the emigrant; on the contrary, he merely returned our greeting by a slight nod, after which he looked down on the ground again, a perfect image of despair.

The mother, who was sitting in the wagon with her youngest daughter, and the sons, who were in the background, looked at the father, and his sorrow and hopelessness had such a depressing effect upon them, that not one of them thought of entering into conversation with us. Probably they also felt an invincible repugnance to repeat in each others' presence the whole extent of the misfortune which had befallen them, and thus open their wounds afresh.

We had been standing for about a minute silently before the unfortunate family, when the girl, after hoping in vain that her father would speak, plucked up courage, and forcing back with a great effort the welling tears, she fixed her beautiful, gentle eyes upon us.

"Gentlemen," she began, and her courage seemed to grow as she spoke, "pray excuse my father; a fearful misfortune has happened to us; we are unable to leave this spot—our horses, to the very last, have been stolen from us."

At this instant, Tenuga, the young Oglala, galloped up. Immediately after our arrival he had quitted us, and, leading his horse, had walked round the small camp in a wide circle.

"Kloway!" he shouted, pointing in a south-eastern direction to the chain of hills; and directly afterwards he informed us that he had discovered the imprint of Kloway moccasins, and that the horses of the emigrants had been stolen by some members of this tribe. In his opinion the robbers were concealed among the jagged hills, in order to continue their journey to the south at night, unseen.

"But why the deuce have you separated from your companions?" Sanglier suddenly asked, so harshly, that the girl started in alarm, and her father was aroused from his reverie.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, and his eyes assumed a defiant, challenging look, "I trust you have now enjoyed our wretched position long enough; ride your road, and do not drive me to extremities by mockery. I have not the means to purchase your horses, and hence you are not in a position to help me."

"Who knows?" Sanglier remarked, who had been listening with equal attention to the whispered conversation of the two Oglalas and to the farmer's remarks.

The latter looked up in surprise at the trapper's exclamation, as if he were afraid he had heard incorrectly.

"Although I cannot promise," the trapper continued, "still, if I am not mistaken, my comrades are no less willing than myself to recover the horses from the villains. That is to say, if it will be any service to you. *Mille diables*, do not stare at me in such amazement; I do not care a hang for your rough reception; that is an every-day affair in the prairie; we will try it, if only to dry the tears in your pretty daughter's eyes."

Here Sanglier laughed pleasantly, because he had again succeeded, certainly after many years, in giving a last specimen of gallantry. The girl blushed and stepped behind the wagon. The other members of the family seemed not to have heard the compliment, or clung too eagerly to the hope of regaining their cattle to have been able to heed it. On the other hand, they most readily offered explanations, when Sanglier, after a short consultation with the Oglalas, asked them various questions. According to them, the breaking of a wheel had compelled them to remain behind the caravan at noon of the previous day. As the emigrant had means to repair the damage, he had not considered it of importance, and fully believed he should be able to catch up his companions with ease.

Nightfall found them ready to set out again. New spokes had been substituted for those broken, and after the six mules and three horses had been hobbled out at a grassy spot a short distance away, in order to prevent them following the caravan in the darkness, all carelessly laid down. They had not seen any natives for so long a time that they thought of nothing less than being molested by them. After a few hours' rest they prepared to set out earlier than usual, but who can describe their horror when they found, instead of their mules and horses, the remains of the lassos, cut off close to the picket by means of a sharp instrument. It was still too dark to be able to see any distance around, but in consequence of this discovery the two eldest sons at once started to obtain assistance from the caravan, which was camped a long distance off. But the camp had been struck there also at an early hour, and as day illumined the plain for a long distance, the messengers saw the caravan winding round the first point of Scott's Bluffs. They fired their guns, but in vain; they were not noticed by any one, and as they had been robbed of all their cattle, they lost their last chance of catching up their old companions and requesting help from them, which it was still a moot point whether they would have granted.

The poor people had lost all their property with their cattle. But the loss would have been endurable had there been a single way of reaching the land of their hopes and wishes, without asking charity and a heavy sacrifice from any following train. They felt themselves so desolate, so deprived of all means of salvation, and were so cast down, that they even doubted our willingness to assist them, when we turned our horses and rode off to the west, with a cheering "We shall return soon," after leaving them our supply of meat, which they scarce noticed. The last circumstance seemed to heighten their doubts, for they had expected that we should take up the trail of the robbers and follow them in the most direct line. Still there were among us hunters of too great experience for us to be guilty of such an act of negligence.

It might be assumed that the robbers had posted their watchers, who would naturally not only observe the emigrant family but us as well, and that they would at once take to flight with their booty at the slightest suspicious movement on our part.

Hence we blindly followed Sanglier's advice as well as that of the old Indian, who, acquainted for years with the country, knew every hiding-place to which the Kioways might possibly have retreated with their booty.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain plateau when we reached the broad gate in Scott's Bluffs, through which the road wound to the west. If up to this point we had not been discovered by the Kioways, or at least not been observed with suspicion, any discovery of our true intentions need no longer be apprehended. For us, on reaching the first heights, we, instead of entering Scott's Bluffs, at once turned southward, we continually remained in the shadow of the wall-like rocks, which were only broken here and there by rain-gorges and almost inaccessible fissures. The Kioways must have concealed themselves in one of these gorges, for only in this way could their sudden disappearance from the open plain be accounted for. Hence, while putting our horses at their full speed, we examined most carefully the entrances of such passages leading into the rocks. Our investigation met with no success, and we continued to hasten towards the south. The rapidly setting in twilight at length entirely prevented us from distinguishing any trails, and we began to be beset with slight doubts whether we should not be forced to continue the pursuit on the next morning in the prairie itself. We were resolved not to be contented with one attempt, but to make every effort to recover the property of the unfortunate family. One was urged to this by humanity chiefly, another by the wish to have a little excitement; what urged the Oglalas, could only be read slightly on their features, while it was perfectly plain from the behavior of our youngest companion, Jean, that he would do anything for a single grateful glance from the blue eyes of the fair emigrant's daughter. For not alone did he utter all sorts of rhapsodies about the girl, and implore all the saints to aid him in drying her tears, but he also assured me that such a girl would be capable of leading him into a stupidity, make him hang his rifle on the wall, and become a respectable farmer instead of a merry beaver-trapper.

He had just drawn a verbal sketch of a happy family life, and received in return for it a sarcastic grin from Sanglier, when the Oglalas, who were riding a little way ahead of us, imitated the well-known warning sound of the rattlesnake.

We stopped, for, though we had not seen or

heard anything suspicious ourselves, we firmly trusted to the caution of our Indian comrades, the more so, because under such circumstances a danger which might easily be avoided is summoned up by each man acting independently.

We could hardly distinguish the Oglalas in the shadowy gloom of the precipitous rocks, but noticed that Tenuga was crawling along the ground, and rapidly disappeared among the boulders, while the old warrior, who was noticeable through the long eagle feather on his head, cautiously turned the two horses round and came to join us. He told us in a few words that the Kioways were concealed in a ravine lying lower down, and, judging from the violent stamping of the horses, were preparing to start.

The stamping of their own horses had evidently prevented them from hearing the noise produced by our cattle. But, in order to remain undiscovered, we rode about five hundred paces farther back, to a spot where a narrow ravine entered the prairie, and extended for a long distance into it in the shape of a dried-up water course. After hurrying our horses into the river bed, and attaching them by the lassos to rocks in order to prevent their bolting, we returned without any delay to the spot where Tenuga had disappeared from our sight. There we redoubled our precautions, and cautiously examining the ground before us with our hands, we crept along the precipice, till the noise of the Kioways approaching with their horses reached our ears faintly but distinctly from the gorge.

We stopped and listened. Of what nature the plan of attack formed by the Oglalas was, was not clear to me. I only knew that I must hold myself in readiness at once to obey any orders that might be given me.

At this moment a sharp signal cry induced me to look up the precipice, and I thought I could not believe my eyes, when I recognized above me the black form of a Kioway, wrapped in his peculiar-hooded robe, standing out sharply against the star-spangled sky. He was standing exactly above the old Oglala, to whom the command had been entrusted, and so near that he could have shot him down with an arrow, and yet he appeared to pay no attention to him.

I started involuntarily, for I now heard other voices from the ravine, into which the sentry was enabled to look down from his elevation, answering in a similar fashion, and simultaneously the trampling of the horses, evidently being driven toward the prairie, was heightened.

At this moment the sentry whispered something to our old Oglala, and at the first word I discovered that it was Tenuga, who had undertaken to play up there the part of a sentry whom he had treacherously killed. I did not comprehend what he said, but my conjecture became a certainty when Sanglier bent down at the foot of the precipice, felt about on the ground, and then muttered to himself with a low, comfortable laugh, "cunning fellow, first job, no longer a boy," &c. Had it been daylight, I could have seen at the spot the lifeless form of an Indian, whom a sure tomahawk-blow from behind, killing with the rapidity of lightning, had felled, and his scalp had been at once stripped with remarkable skill from his fractured skull.

The stratagem of Tenuga, who risked his life in order to gain the name of a man and great warrior by a bold deed, had been perfectly successful, and as he had learned some words of Kioway from prisoners who had dwelt with his tribe, and, in addition, spoke after the Indian fashion in a shrill falsetto, the robbers were so perfectly deceived that up to the last moment they thought of anything sooner than treachery.

Free from any apprehension, they slowly approached the entrance of the gorge: the shod hoofs of the emigrant's cattle rattled loudly on the rock, while between whiles the numerous stifled hoof-sounds of Indian restraint are wont to give way to every penchant or hobby which their horses proved to us that we should have to do here with a superior force. Sanglier, however, had distributed the party with due reflection, and we awaited the result of our enterprize with a considerable amount of confidence.

In proportion as the Kioways drew nearer to the mouth of the gorge, Tenuga moved along the precipice, sometimes springing, sometimes crawling, so that he must reach the end of the rock simultaneously with the vanguard of the Indians. We kept pace with Tenuga, too, and when the first horseman was only a few yards from the entrance, we were awaiting behind the last rock the signal for action.

The appointed signal was not long deferred. Tenuga disappeared like a shadow from the rock, which was no great height here, but almost simultaneously such a piercing yell was raised just before us, that I actually started as it echoed along the walls of the ravine. In the next moment the Kioway, whom the young Oglala had merely grazed with his tomahawk, dashed out into the prairie, making the air ring again with his warning yell. Two others followed him closely, but when the loose horses, terrified by the noise, tried to get away, we leaped before them, and by bursting into the war yell of the Oglalas, and firing several revolver shots in rapid succession, we succeeded in driving them back again.

The numerous shots must have deceived the Kioways, who were behind the horses, as to our strength and intentions, for those who were walking, in order to spare their horses on the stony ground, fled with wild cries for vengeance to the adjoining heights, while the mounted ones sought safety in the lateral gorges, without making an attempt at resistance or to reach the prairie. By the time they came together again, and guessed in what manner they had been surprised, we had collected the horses and were driving them at full speed toward the fire of the plundered emigrant, which was flashing in the distance, and which, by our orders, he kept up the whole night through to the best of his ability. Our horses, which had had scarce an hour's rest during the whole day, were greatly exhausted, but we did not reduce our pace until we saw, at daybreak, the emigrant's small bivouac a short distance ahead of us. We hardly needed this precaution, however, for the Kioways, although they lost several of their own horses in the surprise, did not show themselves again. They were probably frightened at the vicinity of the Oglala Dacotahs.

If all the members of the emigrant's family had been suddenly drawn back from the brink of the grave, their gratitude could not have been greater than it was on seeing their horses and mules. It required the most earnest representations on our part not to be continually reminded of what caused ourselves the greatest amount of satisfaction and joy.

By our advice the delighted people deferred their departure until a caravan became visible again on the eastern horizon. This was not the case for two days, during which we white hunters kept them company, in order to protect them from any attempted revenge on the part of the Kioways. The Oglalas, on the other hand, had gone with the captured horses to join their countrymen on the northern side of the river, and were glorifying, with savage songs and dancing, the first war exploit of Tenuga, who was adorned with the sanguinary scalp. When the emigrant was ready to set out, on the third day, and slowly precede the coming caravan, and he offered us his hand in farewell, tears of emotion stood in his eyes.

"Would to heaven I possessed anything by which to prove to you my gratitude," he said, frankly; "but, as you see, I have nothing I can offer you."

"Nothing?" merry Jean said, in surprise.

And his eye fell on the girl, who was seated in the wagon with her mother and sister.

"By Job!" the farmer cried, who had noticed the significant glance, "if one of you liked to have my daughter, and she was agreeable, you should not wait long for my blessing."

The girl concealed her face, which was flushed with the purple hue of bashfulness, behind her mother's back; Sanglier laughed, and declared that he was too old to think of marrying. I laughed too, and hinted that I was no longer quite free; but our merry Jean hung his head and turned his horse toward the camp of the Oglalas, which example we followed after a short leave-taking.

The emigrant went his way, we ours, and ere long miles separated us. Jean had not uttered a single word, but, to make up for it, continually looked back. Suddenly he halted, and exclaimed:

"Hang me if I'll ride another step with you."

At first we fancied he was jesting. But when he asked us to give him all the powder we could spare, we easily guessed what was at work within him. We joyfully acceded to his wishes, for he seemed in a great hurry to leave us.

"The girl draws me after her," he began, as he fixed his honest eyes upon us with a look of melancholy. "Wait twenty-four hours for me in the camp of the Oglalas. If I have not returned to you by that time you may assume that she has not rejected me, and that I am on the road to California, where I shall——Well, you know—goodby—we shall meet again on the Pacific."

"A pleasant journey to you," we shouted, in return.

But he did not hear the words, for he was already galloping towards Scott's Bluffs.

Such was the parting on the prairie.

We remained at the camp of the Oglalas for a fortnight, but merry Jean did not return. I never heard anything further of him, and even during a lengthened stay in California inquired after him in vain. But the world is large. I only hope that he has found happiness by the side of the pretty emigrant, and has rendered her equally happy in return.

A Child in the Midst.

When Christ wished to rebuke the selfish ambition of his disciples, he took a little child and "set him in the midst of them." From that child they were taught a lesson of unselfishness and humility.

So our Heavenly Father now sets little children in our houses to be *our teachers*, as well as to be taught themselves. No home is complete without child-music to enliven it, and little faces to light up its apartments. Never was there a cottage so humble, or so meagre, but that it could be made cheerful by the crow and chirrup of infant gladness. And we have seen a magnificent mansion that, with all its rosewood and velvet, its pictures and marbles, was yet sadly *empty*, for no crib stood in its sumptuous chambers, and no child voice rang through its lofty halls. No house is a "furnished house" until God, in his loving kindness, sets a little child in the midst of it.

Bear in mind that the little one is placed there to teach us, their parents, as well as to be trained themselves. What lessons they impart to us, what exhibitions of our own faults, what spiritual discipline! They are not sinless cherubs, or they would not teach us so much; we are not sinless Adams and Eves, or else we should not so much need to be taught.

One of the first lessons they give us is PATIENCE—a virtue that some of us are slow in acquiring. But who can teach it better than a helpless, dependent, and often wayward and exacting child? Through long, wakeful nights the peevish cry of the little sufferer means, "*Bear* with me, mother! I know no better. I can't help it. I can't be any lighter to carry; or any quieter under the dartings of pain's sharp needles. You *must* bear with me." Every year is a year of added instruction. Is the youngster slow and dull over his books? Then be patient. If it is hard to get the truth in, it will be harder to get it out. "Why do you tell that child the same thing a dozen times?" said the father of John Wesley to his persevering mother. "Because," replied the shrewd woman, "all the other eleven times will go for nothing unless I succeed at the twelfth." We do not know whether it requires more patience to get on with mercurial, quick-tempered children, or with slow-witted ones. Both require forbearance and careful handling. Both can drill us into patience. How patient God is with our wilful disobedience, and ingratitude, and stubbornness! Should not we be long-suffering towards the little trespassers against parental law?

Children are more than teachers of patience and forbearance. They are household *mirrors* to reflect our own faults—sometimes, too, our own graces.

Believe it, oh parents! that when God sets a child in the midst of us, he puts a looking-glass there to see ourselves in. Our vices are often made to glare back hideous from the countenance and conduct of those who sin our sins over again, and "break out" with our own moral infections. I once saw a mother weeping over the coffin of an infant who had died from a disorder communicated by herself! It was to me a type and a parable. When, on the other hand, I have seen a godly-minded pair, looking with grateful joy on the child of their love as he came home with his prize from school, or showed in all his life at home that he was good and honorable, then I saw the mirror of childhood giving back the beautiful reflection of parental piety and grace.

☞ The peach trees throughout Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey are almost broken down by the great weight of their crops. Owing to the terrible drought that has blighted so many fields, the size of the peaches is very inferior, but the quality and quantity will be far ahead of the previous years, and the prices reasonable.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

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OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

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PAY UP.

We have a number of old subscribers who might be offended if we should pursue the plan we generally adopt with our readers—stopping the paper when the time expires for which payment has been made—but who are in arrears, although bills have repeatedly been sent to them. And yet money, always welcome to publishers, was never more welcome than just now, when all the costs of publishing are so exorbitant. Remittances from all such would therefore be especially welcome.

A MISTAKE.

The *Public Ledger* of this city says:—

"The militia of Georgia routed Stoneman and took him and five hundred of his men prisoners while raiding through that state. His cavalry force was of the best troopers we have. The militia of Franklin county, when McCausland entered and burned Chambersburg, could undoubtedly have done as much for him if they had turned out armed and put entrenchments on the roads he was obliged to follow. It is true the militia of Georgia have been organized and trained for some time for such work. The militia in the border counties need not wait for the Legislature to give them authority to organize themselves. They have the best authority, their own defence, and the best motives for action—the security of their own homes."

We have seen similar statements to the above in other papers also, but we doubt their entire correctness. According to one of the rebel accounts, Stoneman was indeed repulsed in an attack on a Southern town, (Macon, we think,) by the Georgia militia; but he was captured by an entirely different force which got in his rear, and which there is little doubt was not only much superior in numbers, but composed of regular troops. The knowledge of such forces being after him, may have enfeebled his attack on Macon.

Again—as to the "militia not waiting for the Legislature to give them authority to organize themselves." It has been repeatedly proclaimed by our generals that fighting without due state or national authority—which is frequently termed "bushwacking"—puts the persons doing it out of the usual protections and courtesies of war; and that upon capture they may be hung or shot without mercy. This, if we are not greatly mistaken, is rebel logic also. Therefore the great importance of being regularly mustered into the state or national service.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Something was said about a year ago as to the policy of moving the seat of government of this state to Philadelphia—but we have a better place in view. Chambersburg would be just the spot. Then, in case of a rebel raid, we might perhaps hear some morning of the capture of the whole legislature, and their transportation to Dixie. Of course there would be many dry eyes in the state if that should happen.

But the border would run a good chance of being well protected if the capitol were removed to Chambersburg. Militia laws, and all other kinds of protective laws, would begin to occupy a leading place in the minds of the members, even if there was "no money in them."

And, by the way, would it not be a good idea for the governor always to call an extra session after the regular one—a session for attending to the business of the state exclusively?

ENGLAND.

"The London Spectator says England has but 50,000 troops available for foreign service, and of these but 20,000 would be troops of the line."

The above contains an excellent answer to those who think England should endeavor to play the part of umpire or knight-errant over the whole earth. To nations which have no seaports to be battered down, or navy to be captured, or commerce to be ruined, England's menaces nowadays mean very little. They could by means of foreign-built cruisers do England tenfold the harm she could do them. And as for a nation like the United States—our difficulties once over, and the Union restored—we would laugh at the idea of a war with England, so far as any danger to ourselves was to be apprehended.

A New Life.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BROOKVILLE, Aug. 11, 1864.

Dear Editor:—The next day after my last letter, I took leave of my week's companions, and started with Hezekiah to the cars. The grunts of my swinish friends followed me—my first and last greeting at Chestnut Grove Cottage.

After an invigorating drive in the early morning, we arrived at the station, where I bade adieu to my gallant, and was not a little surprised to see him draw the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, as he said he wished his "marm" had kept me—that the old place looked "kind o' cheery" with me in it.

My way now lay through a beautiful expanse of country, and I was sorry when the conductor came to the door and called out "Brookville."

I alighted, and was met by an "ancient maiden lady"—Miss Fairlamb—tall, slender, sharp-visaged, all angles, acute angles—I should judge of forty-five or fifty years of age. Her dress was rather juvenile; on her head was a rimless hat, with upright plumes, while from the back hung numerous curls mounted by a bow of scarlet velvet. She greeted me warmly, and expressed herself much pleased with my appearance.

We walked to the village not far distant, and soon stopped before a white frame house which stood on the main street. It was rather a pleasant looking place—the green blind shutters contrasting nicely with the white house—a side-yard filled with flowers—an arbor over the walk from the gate, on which was a vine loaded with clusters of green grapes. My guide sprang up the steps, and entering, bade me "Welcome to her humble cot."

After laying aside our out-door apparel, we sat down to "get acquainted with each other."

I answered all questions that curiosity could invent respecting myself, and was then informed that my replies being perfectly satisfactory, I was to consider myself the companion of my new acquaintance, who had long felt the need of "sweet congenial company"—"her heart-strings vibrated with pleasure at the prospect before her, of indulging in the society of a lover of nature, poetry and music."

She had felt that it was unnatural for a young lady like her to live apart from the world—but her sensitiveness would not allow her to come in contact with the common lives around her, where her blood curdled with the unfeeling business-absorbing state in which every one seemed to exist. She had withdrawn from society since young Mr. Glowray, their late minister, had been called to fill another appointment.

With him she had enjoyed moments of sweet converse; had sat with him in the vine-covered porch of the parsonage, the moon encircling their heads with her silver wreath, while he listened attentively to her recitations from favorite authors—showing his pleasure and approbation by the quiet smile that played about the corners of his mouth—but the instant the housekeeper appeared, he would retire to his study, not to appear again that evening.

All this my new friend, or Sophronisia, as she desired me to call her, revealed to me during our first interview.

I must now draw my letter to a close, and retire to my tempting couch.

Yours, most respectfully, G. M.

☞ A robin's nest was found recently in a tree at the Oneida Community which had interwoven in its structure twenty-nine lady's collars, all of which had been purloined by the birds from the grass plot where they had been placed after the wash.

☞ PAYING DEBTS.—An Irish bank is said to have averted a catastrophe by paying all demands in red-hot sovereigns! By the time the first creditor had made some attempts to secure his money the run upon the bank had become a run out of it, and by the time the sovereigns had cooled the panic had cooled also.

☞ At Paris, the other day, an autograph of Tasso was sold, written by the poet of the "Gerusalemme Liberata," in the twenty-sixth year of his age. It is worded as follows: "I, the undersigned, hereby acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levi 25 lire, for which he holds in pledge a sword of my father's, 6 shirts, 4 sheets, and 2 table-covers. March 2, 1570. Torquato Tasso."

☞ A resident of Hartford bought a dozen eggs the other day, and by inadvertently placing five of them in a warm pantry got them as nicely hatched into five chickens as if a hen had sat upon them. One fine morning the little animals "peeped," to the egg purchaser's great astonishment.

☞ Brick tea is nearly all shipped to Russia. Probably very few people out of China know what brick tea is. It is the refuse and powder of various kinds of tea worked up with blood into cakes looking like bricks. It is very cheap, and sold at six taels per picul. A tael is $1 33; a picul 133 pounds.

☞ A few days ago, one of our ordinary light-draft gunboats, belonging to Admiral Lee's fleet, on the James River, was fired at from a rebel shore battery. One of the shells struck and entered the magazine, but did not explode. Upon a search being made for the rebel missile, it was discovered that it had passed through *two barrels of powder and lodged in a third*, from which it was removed. At the time this kindly shell made its grand entree into the magazine, there were about one hundred souls—officers and men—on board of the gunboat, every one of whom would, undoubtedly, have been blown to atoms had it exploded.

☞ A wag who was asked to buy a Bank Note Detector, said he would purchase it if it could detect a bank note in his pocket.

☞ THE MACHINERY OF THE HUMAN BODY.—Very few mechanics are aware how much machinery there is, in constant action, in their own bodies. Not only are there hinges and joints in bones, but there are valves in the veins, a force-pump in the heart, and curiosities in other parts of the body equally striking. One of the muscles forms an actual pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form which has been ascertained, by calculations and experiments, to be the strongest for pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders.

A Recent Elopement

AND MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

Among the English aristocracy there is no house so remarkable for the manner in which it has interwoven itself with the great families of the land as the Pagets, and which may in some measure be accounted for by their connection with the court, which has been of many years standing. Indeed it has been said of them that the men were all heroes and the women angels. Around them romance has shed its halo, from the first Marquis of Anglesey down to his granddaughter, who, by her marriage on Saturday, became the Marchioness of Hastings. Such an alliance at one time would have created no more sensation than an ordinary marriage in high life. The announcement would have appeared in our columns; and we should have done justice to the beauty of the bride, and the exquisite texture of her dress, enumerated her bridesmaids, and given details of their costumes, and concluded by stating that the happy pair left town for Donnington Park, accompanied by the best wishes of their friends for their future happiness. All this trouble has been spared us. We should premise our story by stating that, among the belles of our English aristocracy, few of late years created such a sensation on her debut as Lady Florence Paget, the youngest daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey. Gifted with the hereditary beauty of her family to a rare extent, her petite figure and dove-like eyes caused her at once to become "the rage of the park, the ball-room, the opera, and the croquet lawn." These personal charms were not a little enhanced by the unaffectedness of her manner and extreme good nature, which caused her to become the idol of her father and the household. Deprived of a mother's care at an early age, her education was hardly so advanced as might have been anticipated from her sphere in life, and she seemed to have made Diana Vernon her model. In her intercourse with society, among the many suitors by whom she was surrounded was Mr. Chaplin, a gentleman possessed of estates in Lincolnshire which produce him a rental of nearly forty thousand pounds per annum, and endowed with every quality to render him a desirable *parti*. Their intimacy was such last year that rumors of their engagement appeared in the papers, only to be contradicted, and Mr. Chaplin proceeded on a shooting tour in India with his friend Sir Frederick Johnstone. Returning in May, he again met Lady Florence daily, and as a proof that his attachment was undiminished he proposed to her, and was accepted. The match was one which gave the greatest satisfaction to the Marquis of Anglesey and all his family, for Mr. Chaplin was a young man of great promise, and by his ample means could give Lady Florence a position in society which she had a right to look for, although she could bring him no dowry. The announcement of the engagement appeared in the Morning Post, and also in our own columns, and the happy pair were seen driving together in the parks, in the same box at the opera, and enjoying each other's society in the same manner as *fiancees* are in the habit of doing. At a fashionable jeweler's at the west-end Lady Florence's jewels, the gift of Mr. Chaplin, were displayed to all comers, and the trousseau engaged the attention of the first *modistes*. Presents came into her in abundance, the servants even subscribing for a silver teapot, sugar basin, and cream jug for her. The wedding was fixed for the second week in August, and Mr. Chaplin had made the necessary preparations to receive his bride. But it was not to be, although no later than Friday night she occupied Mr. Chaplin's box at the opera, and sat between him and her really future husband, the Marquis of Hastings, of whom we may remark that his attachment to her had been notorious, and it was known that he meant to have proposed to her, if Mr. Chaplin had not taken time by the forelock. Addicted as his lordship is to the turf and its congenial accessories, it was imagined Lady Florence's image would soon be erased from his mind, but it seemed otherwise, and that, while on the best of terms with Mr. Chaplin, he was only concealing his play, for on the following morning (Saturday) that he had been at the opera with him and her ladyship he found himself with the latter at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, and they were united for better or worse. As much curiosity prevails to know how the marriage was arranged, we may state that Lady Florence, on Saturday morning, left the St. George's Hotel, in Albemarle street, where she had been staying during the season, in her father's brougham, telling the porter, if Mr. Chaplin called, she should not return until two o'clock. She then was driven to Marshall and Snellgrove's, in Oxford street, and leaving the carriage at one entrance was met at the other by the sister of the Marquis of Hastings, who, engaging a hack cab, drove her at once to St. George's, where the Marquis of Hastings, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Granville (whose marriage we recorded only a fortnight back), Mr. Blake, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. F. Wombell were in waiting. Immediately after the ceremony had been performed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings repaired to Mr. Granville's lodgings in St. James's Place, from whence, after the bride had communicated by letter to Mr. Chaplin and her family her change of mind, they started per special train for Donnington Park to spend the honeymoon. At Peterborough station they were met by several of their friends, who were not a little surprised to find Lady Florence in company with the Marquis instead of Mr. Chaplin. To show the marriage could not have been an impromptu affair, as some people imagine, the fact of the happy couple being received at the station by his tenantry, who had erected no less than nine triumphal arches trimmed with flowers, at once discloses. It is needless to add that Mr. Chaplin feels very much the slight that has been put upon him, but his feelings are in some measure consoled by the assurance of his friends that it is all for the best. The Marquis of Anglesey is also much distressed at the affair, for the alliance with Mr. Chaplin had his consent and approbation. Her ladyship's brother and brother-in-law, Lords Uxbridge and Winchelsea, heard of the marriage by accident at the pigeon shooting match at Hornsey. In conclusion, we may state that since Lady Adela Villiers eloped with Captain Ibbetson, of the 11th Hussars, at Brighton, no similar occurrence has created such a profound sensation among the West-end Mothers and Daughters.—*English Paper.*

☞ A married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question, namely: "As I wedded Mr. Smith for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

ECONOMY.

BY MRS. STOWE.

Economy is the science of proportion. Whether a particular purchase is extravagant depends mainly on the income it is taken from. Suppose a woman has a hundred and fifty a year for her dress, and gives fifty dollars for a bonnet; she gives a third of her income; it is horrible extravagance—while for the woman whose income is ten thousand it may be no extravagance at all. The poor clergyman's wife, when she gives five dollars for a bonnet, may be giving as much, in proportion to her income, as the woman who gives fifty. Now, the difficulty with the greater part of women is, that the men, who make the money and hold it, give them no kind of standard by which to measure their expenses. Most women and girls are in this matter entirely at sea, without chart or compass. They don't know in the least what they have to spend. Husbands and fathers often pride themselves about not saying a word on business matters to their wives and daughters. They don't wish them to understand them, or to inquire into them, or to make remarks or suggestions concerning them.

"I want you to have everything that is suitable and proper," says Jones to his wife, "but don't be extravagant."

"But, my dear," says Mrs. Jones, "what is suitable and proper depends very much on our means; if you could allow me any specific sum for dress and housekeeping, I could tell better."

"Nonsense, Susan! I can't do that—it's too much trouble. Get what you need, and avoid foolish extravagances; that's all I ask."

By-and-by Mrs. Jones's bills are sent in, in an evil hour, when Jones has heavy notes to meet, and then comes a domestic storm.

"I shall just be ruined, madam, if that's the way you are going on. I can't afford to dress you and the girls in the style you have set up. Look at this milliner's bill!"

"I assure you," says Mrs. Jones, "we haven't got any more than the Stebbinses,—nor so much."

"Don't you know that the Stebbinses are worth five times as much as ever I was?"

No, Mrs. Jones did not know it. How should she, when her husband makes it a rule never to speak of his business to her, and she has not the remotest idea of his income?

Thus multitudes of good conscientious women and girls are extravagant from pure ignorance. The male provider allows bills to be run up in his name, and they have no earthly means of judging whether they are spending too much or too little, except the semi-annual hurricane which attends the coming in of these bills.

The first essential in the practice of economy is a knowledge of one's income, and the man who refuses to accord to his wife and children this information has never any right to accuse them of extravagance, because he himself deprives them of that standard of comparison which is an indispensable requisite in economy. As early as possible in the education of children they should pass from that state of irresponsible waiting to be provided for by parents, and be trusted with the spending of some fixed allowance, that they may learn prices and values, and have some notion of what money is actually worth and what it will bring. The simple fact of the possession of a fixed and definite income often suddenly transforms a giddy, extravagant girl, into a care-taking, prudent little woman. Her allowance is her own; she begins to plan upon it—to add, subtract, multiply, divide, and do numberless sums in her little head. She no longer buys everything she fancies; she deliberates, weighs, compares. And now there is room for self-denial and generosity to come in. She can do without this article; she can furbish up some older possession to do duty a little longer, and give this money to some friend poorer than she, and ten to one the girl whose bills last year were four or five hundred finds herself bringing through this year creditably on a hundred and fifty.

To be sure, she goes without numerous things which she used to have. From the standpoint of a fixed income she sees that these are impossible, and no more wants them than the green cheese of the moon. She learns to make her own taste and skill take the place of expensive purchases. She retrims her hats and bonnets, refits her dresses, and, in a thousand busy, earnest, happy little ways, sets herself to make the most of her small income.

So the woman who has her definite allowance for housekeeping finds at once a hundred questions set at rest. Before, it was not clear to her why she should not "go and do likewise" in relation to every purchase made by her next neighbor. Now, there is a clear logic of proportion. Certain things are evidently not to be thought of, though next neighbors do have them, and we must resign ourselves to find some other way of living.

"My dear," said my wife, "I think there is a peculiar temptation in a life organized as ours is in America. There are here no settled classes, with similar ratios of income. Mixed together in the same society, going to the same parties, and blended in daily neighborly intercourse, are families of the most opposite extremes in point of fortune. In England there is a very well understood expression, that people should not dress or live above their station; in America none will admit that they have any particular station, or that they can live above it. The principle of democratic equality unites in society people of the most diverse positions and means.

Here, for instance, is a family like Dr. Selden's, an old and highly respected one, with an income of only two or three thousand—yet they are people universally sought for in society, and mingle in all the intercourse of life with merchant millionaires whose incomes are from ten to thirty thousand. Their sons and daughters go to the same schools, the same parties, and are thus constantly meeting upon terms of social equality. Now it seems to me that our great danger does not lie in the great and evident expenses of our richer friends. We do not expect to have pineries, graperies, equipages, horses, diamonds—we say openly and of course that we do not. Still, our expenses are constantly increased by the proximity of these things, unless we understand ourselves better than most people do. We don't, of course, expect to get a fifteen hundred dollar cashmere, like Mrs. So-and-so, but we begin to look at hundred dollar shawls and nibble about the hook. We don't expect sets of diamonds, but a diamond ring, a pair of solitaire diamond ear-rings, begins to be speculated about among the people as among possibilities. We don't expect to carpet our house with Axminster and hang our windows with damask, but at least we must have Brussels and brocatelle—it *would not do* not to. And so we go on getting hundreds of things that we don't need, that have no real value except that they soothe our self-love; and for these inferior articles we pay a higher proportion of our income than our rich neighbor does for his better ones. Nothing is uglier than low-priced cashmere shawls; and yet a young man just entering business will spend an eighth of a year's income to put one on his wife, and when he has put it there it only serves as a constant source of disquiet—for now that the door is opened, and Cashmere shawls are possible, she is consumed with envy at the superior ones constantly sported around her. So also with point-lace, velvet dresses, and hundreds of things of that sort, which belong to a certain rate of income, and are absurd below it."

"And yet, mamma, I heard Aunt Easygo say that velvet, point-lace and cashmere were the cheapest finery that could be bought, because they lasted a lifetime."

"Aunt Easygo speaks from an income of ten thousand a year. They may be cheap for her rate of living—but for us, for example, by no magic of numbers can it be made to appear that it is cheaper to have the greatest bargain in the world in cashmere, lace and diamonds, than not to have them at all. I never had a diamond, never wore a piece of point lace, never had a velvet dress, and have been perfectly happy, and just as much respected as if I had. Whoever thought of objecting to me for not having them? Nobody, as I ever heard."

"Certainly not, mamma," said Marianne.

"The thing I have always said to you girls is, that you were not to expect to live like richer people, not to begin to try, not to think or inquire about certain rates of expenditure, or take the first step in certain directions. We have moved on all our life after a very antiquated and old-fashioned mode. We have our little old-fashioned house, our little old-fashioned ways."

"Except the parlor carpet, and what came of it, my dear," said I, mischievously.

"Yes, except the parlor carpet," said my wife, with a conscious twinkle, "and the things that came of it. There was a concession there, but one can't be wise always."

"We talked mamma into that," said Jennie.

"But one thing is certain," said my wife; "that, though I have had an antiquated, plain house, plain furniture, and plain dress, and not the beginning of a thing such as many of my neighbors have possessed, I have spent more money than many of them for real comforts. When I had young children, I kept more and better servants than many women who wore cashmeres and diamonds. I thought it better to pay extra wages to a really good, trusty woman who lived with me from year to year, and relieved me of some of my heaviest family cares, than to have ever so much lace locked away in my drawers.

"We always were able to go into the country to spend our summers, and to keep a good family horse and carriage for daily driving—by which means we afforded, as a family, very poor patronage to the medical profession. Then we built our house, and while we left out a great many expensive common places that other people think they must have, we put in a profusion of bathing accommodations such as very few people think of having. There never was a time when we did not feel able to afford to do what was necessary to preserve or to restore health; and for this I always drew on the surplus fund laid up by my very unfashionable housekeeping and dressing."

"Your mother has had," said I, "what is the great want in America, perfect independence of mind to go her own way without regard to the way others ago."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ VAPOR OF SULPHUR AT WHEELING.—The Wheeling Intelligencer says that on Friday evening last there was much vivid lightning. After a particularly terrible flash, persons who happened to be passing along the pike east of the city experienced a strong blast of sulphur, which swept down the Wheeling creek valley and was almost stifling.

☞ The Picture, by Durand Brazer, the French artist, representing the Kearsarge and Alabama fight, printed at the order of Captain Winslow, is to be reproduced in lithograph by Goupil. In the picture, by a well-conceived bit of satire, the Confederate flag of the Alabama is represented as so damaged and torn by the fire of the Kearsarge that it appears to be the English flag.

☞ Civil engineers report that the volume of water which passes over the Falls of Niagara is ninety millions of tons per hour.

☞ Admiral Dahlgren, after examining the photo-lithographic copies of his son's, Colonel Dahlgren's signature, to the alleged orders to his troops to kill Jeff. Davis when they got at Richmond, pronounces it a base forgery of his son's name. This was previously strongly suspected from the fact that the name was wrongly spelt.

☞ A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer, who, after the burial of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger, who, bringing his hand down on the shovel, exclaimed—"Down wi' anither shillin, or up she comes!"

☞ A NEW COMET.—Mr. Hind, of England, has discovered a new comet, whose orbit is remarkable for its near coincidence with the plane of the earth's path. This comet in the middle of August will be nine hundred times brighter than in the middle of last July, when it was by no means a faint telescopic object. It is not one that has been previously computed.

☞ The people of Glasgow are about to erect a memorial to poor David Gray, the author of "The Luggie" and other poems.

☞ Mr. Babbage, at one of his own *soirees*, directed Lady M———, who wanted to talk to Mr. Borrow, to look out for a tall, straggling person, with a very intelligent countenance. The lady found him by the description, had a pleasant conversation, and left him with "What a delightful gypsying life you must have led!" It was Archbishop Whately with whom she had been talking.

☞ INDUSTRY.—People may tell you about your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in old age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; great abilities are generally injurious to the possessors.

☞ An Irishman the other day, knocked down his comrade without provocation, and on being asked by him, "Pat, what did you strike *me* for?" replied, "Sure, Mick, and if I struck you myself I wouldn't let any other man do it."

DROWNING.

The Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have recently prepared and issued instructions for the recovery of the apparently dead from drowning. The instructions, owing to the care taken in their composition, may be considered as representing the most advanced state of medical opinion on this very important subject.

At the beginning of these instructions, the propriety of medical assistance is distinctly advised; nevertheless, the document issued by authority of the Institution ought to be studied by everybody, and in cases of drowning, obeyed in all its details. A medical man is not often to be found by the side of the lonely Highland loch, the quiet inland lake, the dirty canal between towns, and the solitary sea-shore. The operations for restoring those rescued from a watery grave are so mechanical and easy to be understood, that it is the imperative duty of the general public to keep the methods ever fresh in their memory. The Institution may issue thousands of copies of these instructions, but unless the whole process is mastered and retained in the public mind, a disaster may occur where a useful life might otherwise have been saved. Drowning, too, like all other accidents, is so unexpected, and, unlike some serious accidents, has very soon so many of the symptoms of death, that presence of mind in the bystanders, and promptitude of action, are absolutely necessary to make the doubtful balance incline to life.

The following is a digest of the Committee's recommendations, which anybody near to an exhausted person taken out of the water should, without a moment's delay, put into practice.

Get a doctor if possible, and blankets and dry clothing. Whenever the patient is brought to dry land, remove all tight clothing, and expose his neck and chest. Turn his face downwards, with one of his arms between forehead and ground. Water will thereby escape from the mouth, and the tongue falling forward, leaves the windpipe free. Cleanse and wipe the mouth. If satisfactory breathing commence, assist the circulation of blood by firmly rubbing the limbs upwards, under the blankets, and restore the body to heat by means of warm flannel, bottles of hot water, and heated bricks, applied to the soles of the feet, the thighs, pit of stomach, and armpits. If the patient's respiration seemed so far returned as to permit of this treatment in the nearest house, an airy room is indispensable. On the restoration of life, small quantities of warm water, wine, brandy-toddy, or coffee, should be administered. The patient should remain in bed, and a disposition to sleep is to be encouraged.

When breathing is slight, or absent, the following treatment is to be energetically adopted. Turn the patient on his side, supporting the head; excite the nostrils with snuff or smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather. Dash hot and cold water alternately on bare chest and face. If this treatment seem useless, imitate the mechanism of respiration by replacing the patient on his face, raising his chest from the ground by means of a folded coat, thick pillow, or the like. Then turn the body gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face again—the back at that instant to be uniformly and efficiently pressed between and below the shoulder-blades—repeating this process fifteen times in a minute, occasionally varying the side. When the patient is on his side, air will enter the lungs; when on his face, air is expired, and possibly healthy respiration will ensue. During the operation, the hands and feet should be dried, and the body be gradually covered with fresh warm clothing.

The preceding mode of inducing respiration is that known as Marshall Hall's "ready method." Should it prove ineffectual in the course of five minutes, Dr. Sylvester's plan is to be tried. Place the patient on a flat surface, face upmost, the shoulders being supported by a cushion or any article of dress at hand. Draw forward the patient's tongue, and fix it by passing an elastic band or piece of string over the tongue and under the chin. Then the operator, who places himself at the patient's head, grasps the arms just above the elbows, and draws them gently and steadily upwards above the head, where they are to be kept for two seconds. The chest being thus expanded, air ("nature abhors a vacuum") rushes into the lungs. The patient's arms are next to be turned down, and pressed for two seconds against the sides of the chest. Air is thereby pressed out of the lungs, and, by repeating this process about fifteen times in a minute, natural breathing may return. On that happy sign appearing, heat and stimulants to the circulation are to be augmented in the way already stated.

The above rules, if promptly and rigidly obeyed, may save many lives. In cases where the lengthy duration of the patient in the water, severe wounds or evidence of previous debility, and total cessation of the heart's action (upon which non-professional persons cannot be certain) half-closed eyelids, dilated pupils, increasing coldness and pallor of the skin, when all signs, in short, betoken death, no harm will result from the application of all available remedies to the inanimate body, and the inhabitants of a district will benefit by seeing the humane processes actually going on. In a paper read at the meeting of the British Association in Manchester, September, 1861, Dr. Richardson stated that a perfect means of resuscitation ought to be successful up to, at least, a period of twenty minutes after apparent death. A case is mentioned, in Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence*, where resuscitation began to be feebly established after eight and a half hours spent in the treatment. The tendency to restoration is evinced by a slight lividity in the face, with twitchings of the facial muscles, and sometimes convulsive movements of the limbs and trunk.

In the opinion of not a few competent persons, Dr. Silvester's method ought to supersede entirely that of Dr. Marshall Hall, and we think that the same preference lurks in the Committee's Instructions, which recommend that, "should these efforts" (on Dr. Marshall Hall's system) "not prove successful in the course of *from two to five minutes*, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method." In a letter to the *Medical Times and Gazette* (1857.) Dr. Silvester sums up the advantages of his own method thus: "1. Inspiration is the primary act. 2. Expansion of the thorax wholly under the control of the operator. 3. May be adopted when the patient is in the warm bath." (The warm bath, unless under medical direction, is forbidden by the Committee.) "4. The patient is not liable to be injured by the manipulation. 5. Both sides of the chest may be equally inflated. 6. Pure atmospheric air is inspired. 7. No apparatus required, and the method easy of adoption. 8. This process is entirely in harmony with that of nature."

The physiology of drowning, like all other branches of medical science, has in recent times attracted considerable attention. We are indebted to the Yearbooks of the New Sydenham Society for the following facts and experiments. In some experiments made by Dr. Beau, the principal phenomena which characterise death by drowning were ascertained: A small dog was put into a vessel filled with water, and at the moment of its submersion it made a rapid inspiration of water, which was immediately followed by a jerking expiration, accompanied by the expulsion of a considerable quantity of air. No further respiratory movements were observed. At the end of four or five minutes, the animal was dead. On examination, the lips were found closed, the glottis (aperture at the top of the windpipe) shut, and there was only a small quantity of water in the bronchial tubes (*Year-book* for 1860.) Dr. Mayer relates the following case: Two persons digging in a shaft came upon a subterranean collection of water; the fluid rushed into the shaft so quickly that they were with difficulty saved. One of them, who never lost his consciousness, said afterwards that he resisted swallowing the water as long as he could, but at length he was compelled to do it, as he was holding his breath under water, and making only expirations. Soon after his recovery, he vomited a quantity of sandy mud. The other person, a girl, evidently sucked the same substance into her air-passages, for she had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and during the first four days mud was contained in the expectoration (*Year-book* for 1863.) It would thus appear that death by drowning is due to suffocation. The closure of the glottis results from reflex action. The water found in the windpipe is that which accidentally entered with the first abrupt respiratory effort. The lungs being deprived of fresh air, the blood is at first circulated in a manner unfit to support life, and its circulation becomes gradually arrested, which is the state called *asphyxia* (without pulse.)

In the *Lancet* (1863,) Dr. Richardson has recorded the successful application of a process by which the appearance of a much altered drowned body may be restored to its former semblance, sufficient for identification. The cleansed body is covered with water, through which a stream of chlorine gas is passed. This renders the body white; and the appearance of the face may be further improved by the addition of some common salt to the water, and by injecting some tincture of steel into the facial blood-vessels. This discovery may prove of great assistance in medico-legal cases and instances of mistaken identity.

Upon the jurisprudence of drowning we have no wish to enter upon further in this Journal. Our main object in compiling this article will be served if we aid our readers to preserve vividly in their memories these short, simple, and efficacious rules for restoring the apparently drowned.

The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.

The extraordinary Yelverton case, which has been before the English public six years in some form or other, was decided in the House of Lords on the 27th, on appeal from the Court of Session of Scotland. A better illustration of "the glorious uncertainty of the law" could not be found than this same case. The peers who heard the appeal were five, viz.: the Lord Chancellor, Lord Brougham, Lord Wensleydale, (formerly Baron Parke,) Lord Chelmsford and Lord Kingsdown. The first two were in favor of Miss Longworth, (or Mrs. Yelverton;) the third was in doubt; the last two were for Major Yelverton. But on the day of delivering judgment Lord Brougham was absent, and Lord Wensleydale had been gained over to the Major's side, so that the Lord Chancellor constituted a minority of one. The unfortunate lady received the decision which declares her not to be the wife of Yelverton, with the utmost emotion. A more monstrous jumble of laws was never heard of. Miss Longworth was pronounced Major Yelverton's wife by a jury in Ireland, and the verdict was affirmed on appeal by the Irish judges. In Scotland it was originally decided that she was not his wife; then on appeal to the Court of Session that she was his wife; and now, on appeal to the House of Lords, that she is not his wife. But the question is not settled yet, for it seems there is still an appeal left to the laws of Scotland.

Verse 34.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

In the lapse of time words frequently drop out of the vocabulary employed in every-day life, or they undergo a change of meaning often very remote from that which they were originally designed to convey. "Indifferently" and "prevent" are cases in point, and the pronoun "which" is also an example, as this word three hundred years ago was applicable both to persons and to things; and, therefore, the opening sentence of the Lord's prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven," is an antiquated, but strictly correct, mode of expression. The word "thought" is another instance, for this word, as used in our English translation of the Saviour's benevolent injunction, formerly meant intense and painful anxiety. Lord Bacon, speaking of an individual of his own times, says, "He was put in trouble and died with 'thought' before his business came to an end." Lord Somers describes Queen Katherine Parr as dying of 'thought,' meaning solicitude. Our Lord's words, therefore, even in the English version, by no means inculcate negligence and indifference, but a wise avoidance, from devout motives, of all distressing and painful anxiety.

The Fires.

Telegrams from remote points in New York state speak of the hazy atmosphere and lurid sun during the past week, and attribute it to the great fires raging in the northern forests. In some places, miles from the scene of conflagration, the smoke is so thick to eclipse the sun and render candles necessary at mid-day.

The people of Maine are suffering terribly from the fires raging in that state. A correspondent says: "The state seems shrouded in a heavy pall of smoke. We are cut off from the light of the sun. We hear that in our towns and cities the people are really preparing to flee before this worse than rebel foe. Many homes have already been destroyed, many fruitful fields swept over by the flames. In one instance, where a member of the family had just died, the fire came so swiftly that there was not time to remove the dead to a place of safety, and the wretched family were forced to leave it to be burned."

☞ Marriage is love personified.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac we have intelligence to Saturday. No important movements have been made. Some deserters who have come in give accounts of the distress prevailing in the "confederacy," and also report various movements of detachments of the rebel army. A division of Longstreet's corps is said to have gone into the valley with a large ammunition train, and General Lee is alleged to have gone in the same direction. There are also stories that Beauregard, with 20,000 has been sent to reinforce Atlanta.

A Harper's Ferry dispatch, of the 15th, says that Gen Sheridan advanced by way of Charlestown and Berryville to Winchester. Some skirmishing occurred between Berryville and Winchester. A party engaged in threshing grain was captured. Early was completely surprised and fell back during the night. The latest is that Sheridan passed through Winchester on Friday morning.

Advices from City Point state that deserters continue to come within our lines, and report that Early has been reinforced. Quiet reconnoissances are going forward to ascertain the strength of the enemy.

A rebel force of 1,000, and another of 1,500 strong, are reported to be in Henderson, Davis and Hancock counties, Kentucky, threatening a raid into Indiana. Gen. Carrington is making the necessary preparations to defeat the purposes of the enemy.

Union accounts from Mobile have been received via New Orleans. They fully confirm the previous intelligence. Fort Gaines surrendered, and Fort Powell was blown up.

SORRENTO.—Beautiful, beautiful Sorrento—there surely was never a lovelier spot in the wide world. First, take a background of wild mountains, soaring, with many-shaped peaks, into the southern and eastern sky, clad, as the day wears on, with all the varying hues of purple and blue, till the evening sun pours on them its flood of fire; in front of them let there be banks of long stretching inland cliffs, striped, and capped, with dark patches of olive and pine—these also passing, in the course of the day, almost through the tints of the prism, and chastened to the eye through pearly veils of haze. Then at their foot, but still high in air, let there be poured out from Nature's lavish horn all the verdure that earth knows, and fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind; the stately, orange, ever laden with its golden globes, ever breathing out its fairy perfume on the air; the vine, not here a trailer on the ground, nor trained to staves breast high, but wandering in exuberance from tree to tree, framing with its bright green leaves the glimpses of the dazzling sky; add to these the fig, the citron, the pomegranate, with all the fruits of commoner and humbler name. In the midst of this garden of plenty, poured out lavishly, as it is poured, gleam the sunny villages and farms, down through the orchards, even to where they crown with a line of brightness the long ranges of cliff, and look sheer on the blue mirror of the tideless bay.

☞ An intelligent German friend, speaking of the war and the weather, says: "Dese be de dimes dat dries men's soul." A dry time, truly.

☞ Two little boys were looking at the elephant in the menagerie when one said, "What is that he takes up his hay with?" "Why," said the other, with a knowing air, "that is his pitchfork!"

☞ Congress has granted to the state of California the Yo Simite Valley and the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, to be held for public use, resort and recreation. These localities contains some of the most remarkable phenomena of nature, and Congress has done well in preventing their falling into the hands of private speculators.

☞ Madame Lucca, the prima donna, has left the London Opera in a huff, exclaiming, "I shall ruin my voice in your fog and your coal dust—where you get a black nose from every flower you smell." It is quite evident Madame doesn't admire the English climate.

☞ TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.—The following will interest housekeepers: "Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe," or "Poco," means "white hairs," the down of tender leaves." "Pow-chong," "folded plant." "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo," from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

☞ THIRST WORSE THAN HUNGER.—That disturbance of the general system known as raging thirst is far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason, during abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its own substance; but during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is, perhaps, the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience.

☞ The Mexican ladies, among other oddities, or what seem oddities to the unaccustomed eyes, have a way of sipping chocolate during divine service. The pious personage who has come all the way from Austria to play emperor in the halls of the Montezumas, is said to be greatly scandalized at this proceeding.

☞ It ought to be generally known that meats long kept in tin boxes which have an interior coating of lead communicate poisonous effects to their contents. That butter colored yellow by the chromate of lead, and cheese made green by the sulphate of copper instead of sage, are highly poisonous.

☞ Advice to young men: In summer rise early; you will thus gain time to smoke an additional cigar before dinner.

☞ Dumas was lately vaunting to a fellow *litterateur* the beauty of Naples, and disparaging Paris. The Parisian tartly replied that it was known that the city was so dirty that it was impossible to set a foot down anywhere with safety. "But the sky is pure and celestial," said Dumas. "Yes," responded his antagonist, "because it is beyond the reach of the Neapolitans to dirty it."

AN OLD PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH C. AKERS.

This time-worn canvas bears a pictured face
Which, once beheld, comes back to thought again,
Passionate, proud, yet touched with tender grace,
And marked with lines which tell of hidden pain.

Oh noble face, in whose compelling eyes
There lurks a power which stays me on my way,
Which thrills me always with a new surprise,
And holds me gazing half the live-long day—

Strange eyes, whose earthly task of smiles and tears
Was finished long ago, and sealed in night,
Eyes which were closed in death a hundred years
Before mine own had opened to the light—

Why do you haunt me so? Some bitter days,
When all the rose-tints vanish from my sky,
And I go stumbling down life's darkest ways,
I can but think perhaps the reason why

My life has been so barren and forlorn,
So full of tears and losses, is that Fate
Made some unkind mistake, and I was born
An age too early, or an age too late.

And when I read in these strange wistful eyes
The yearning lack of something which I know
They never found in life, I think with sighs
A century too late—ah, more's the woe!

Perhaps I am the one for whom he sought,
Walking the earth's dry places o'er and o'er,
Calling for her, alas! who answered not,
And, never finding, looked for evermore!

Perhaps I might have lived a nobler life
If but these marvellous eyes had held me dear;
Perhaps I might have soothed the proud soul's strife
Outlooking from their darkness deep and clear:—

Perhaps—who knows? Oh sad and tender eyes,
Look not upon me so reproachfully;
Since bitterly my soul forever cries,
"Oh, cruel Love, that did not wait for me!"

—*Washington Globe.*

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXVI.

IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

You have heard and read of those false promises that keep faith to the eye and break it to the spirit, bringing a flood-tide of anguish in their train. As such may be described the realization of the long-deferred hope—the money—so anxiously expected by Sara Davenal. It came in due course, after a little more waiting; that is, the order to receive it was sent to her; but it did not bring pleasure with it. For the sales had not realized so much as was anticipated. Do they ever realize as much? Dr. Davenal had expected there would be about three thousand pounds; five hundred over and above the sum due. But the money fell short by two hundred pounds even of this sum; and there was not enough to pay Mr. Alfred King.

Oh, it was a great burthen to be thrown upon this girl, in her early years, in her solitary loneliness! When the news came and the small sum of money stared her in the face in figures all black and white, she looked around her in despondency. She felt that she had no friend, save God. I think—I do earnestly think—that only those who have experienced the fallacy of other hope, and the utter uselessness for help of earthly friends, can have learnt in all reliance to turn to *Him*.

With God for her guide—and she knew He would be—Sara was not hopeless. She sat down and considered what was to be done. Two thousand three hundred pounds certainly were not two thousand five hundred, and she had little expectation that Mr. Alfred King would be satisfied with it. An ordinary creditor, whose debt was a legitimate one, would of course not remit two hundred pounds; but this debt was different, for she had every reason to believe it was no legitimate debt, but money paid to purchase silence. Then a voice whispered her, they would be all the less likely to remit it; they would hold out for it to the last farthing, *Whose* silence she could not tell. But for the mysterious hint of Mr. Alfred King that others were interested in this business, she might have thought it was his alone. The disagreeable impression left upon her mind by that interview had not in the least worn away; she greatly disliked Mr. Alfred King; she very greatly disliked the thought of visiting him again.

"Mark must help me," she said. "He is rolling in wealth, and two hundred pounds will not be much to him. It will be my own money. His covenant with my dear papa was to pay me three hundred pounds yearly for five years, and he has not begun the payment yet."

Quite true! Mr. Mark Cray had not yet handed over a shilling of the covenant money. Miss Davenal had pressed for some of it at the time of Mark's quitting Hallingham, but Mark had declined. She had brought it under his notice since; and Mark had made excuses still. He was not bound to pay it until the elapse of the year subsequent to Dr. Davenal's death, he said; and it would be most convenient for him to pay it then. Too proud to press the matter further for her niece, Miss Davenal contented herself with a dignified silence; but she did wonder whether Mark would not or whether he could not pay it. If he could not, why then how hollow, how false was all the show and luxury they had entered on in Grosvenor Place! The real truth of the matter was, Mark's expenses of one kind or another were so great, that he had no ready money to spare; on the contrary, he was often at positive fault for some. And Mark was not a willing paymaster at the best of times; these careless spendthrift men frequently are not.

Yet the Great Wheal Bang was flourishing; how flourishing, its elated shareholders could tell you; and Oswald Cray, relying on the assurances of his brother, had embarked his thousand in it. That alarming despatch, with its still more alarming news, had turned out to be more show than hurt; and when Mr. Barker reached the scene of the mine, whither he had hurried with all speed, he found the danger over. There had been an irruption of water, but a very slight one; it did not transpire beyond the locality; and Barker and Mark kept the secret well from the shareholders.

Sara went to Mark. She told him, speaking very gravely, that she had urgent need of two hundred pounds, to complete some arrangements of necessity, left in her charge by her father. Mark's answer was, that he could not help her then; that it was not in his power. Perhaps he could not. They had not yet begun to realize, for that untoward accident, slight as it was, had served to retard the works, and there was no lead yet in the market. A short while, Mark said, and she might come to him for two thousand, and welcome, if it would be of any service to her. Large promises! But Mark had always dealt in such.

Sara had nowhere else to turn to for money in the wide world. Her aunt she knew could not help her; Miss Davenal's income was of a certain extent only, and their living absorbed it. So she wrote to Mr. Alfred King, and he appointed a day to meet her in Essex street.

Once more, once more, she had to go forth to the unpleasant interview. All was unpleasant connected with it; the object, the journey, the very house, and Mr. Alfred King himself; but she was obeying the command of her dead father, she was seeking to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of her living brother; and Sara Davenal was not one to shrink on her own account from responsibilities such as these.

But surely the spirit of mischief was in it all! It seemed like an evil fate upon her—at least, so she thought in her vexation. For on this day, as on the other, she encountered Mr. Oswald Cray.

Not at the offices, but at the gate of the Temple garden. It occurred in this way. The hour fixed for the interview was twelve o'clock; Sara, through an unforeseen hindrance, but not through negligence, did not get to the offices until half-past. She was told that Mr. Alfred King had an appointment to keep, and had departed, after having waited for her, and could not be in now until two o'clock.

How intensely she feared this man, the sick feeling at her heart proved to her. A dread arose that he might resent her want of punctuality on her brother. It was a very foolish dread: but the shrinking spirit cannot help these fears. Of course she must see him at two o'clock; and she must wait about until that hour came.

Wandering into the quiet courts of the Temple, she came to the Temple Gardens. The gatekeeper would not admit her at first; she had not the *entrée*, he said; but she told him her case: that she was a stranger, and had to wait an hour and a half to keep an appointment at a solicitor's in Essex Street. Her sweet face and her plaintive tone—for the voice catches the mind's sorrow—won him over, and, though he grumbled a little, he let her enter. It was peaceful there; shut in from the world's turmoil: the grass was green, and the paths were smooth; and Sara sat on the bench alone, and watched the river steamers as they passed and repassed on the Thames.

It was in leaving the gardens that she encountered Mr. Oswald Cray. He had business that day with a barrister in chambers, and was coming from the appointment. Sara shrunk within the gate again, in the hope that he might pass and not accost her.

It was a vain one. Surprised to see her there, so far from home and alone, he inquired the reason in the moment's impulse. The crimson blush, called into her face at the meeting, faded to paleness as she answered:—An appointment. She could not say she was there for pleasure.

And, besides; that utter weariness of spirit had grown to be here when we no longer struggle against fate. It seemed of little moment whether he knew her errand that day or not; a faintness of heart, not unlike despair, was weakening her energies.

"An appointment?" he repeated. "Not at the place where I saw *you* before? Not with Mr. Alfred King?"

"Yes, that is where I am going," she replied, feeling she could not battle against the questions. "I was to have seen Mr. Alfred King at twelve; but I was late, and so I have to wait for him."

"But it is not expedient that you should go there," said Oswald.

"I must go there," she answered, all too energetically in her desperation. "Were the interview to lead to—to my death, and I knew that it would, I should go."

The words, so unlike *her* calm good sense; the tone, so full of hopeless sorrow, told Oswald how full of grief must be the heart they came from. They had strolled, unconsciously perhaps, down the broad walk of the garden, and were now passing a bench.

"Will you sit down for a minute," he asked, "while I say a few words to you?"

"Yes: if I have time. My appointment is for two o'clock, and I wish to be there rather before than after it."

He took out his watch, and showed it to her. There was plenty of time to spare.

"Have you to keep these appointments often?"

"I never kept but the one you know of. I hope—I am not sure—but I hope that the one to-day will be all I shall have to keep. It is a singular chance—that you should meet me on both days!"

"I don't think anything in the world happens by chance," gravely observed Oswald. "Do you recollect the interview I had with you at your house, just after your father's death?" he resumed, after a pause.

Sara turned her face to him in her surprise.

"Oh, yes."

"And do you remember," he continued, his voice assuming its sincerest and tenderest tone, "what I said at that interview?—That nothing would give me so much pleasure as to be your *friend*, should you require one. Sara—forgive me if I go back for a moment to our old familiar forms of speech—let me prove myself one now!"

"In what manner?" she asked, after some moments of hesitation.

"If I am able to understand anything of this business, you need one. You seem to stand alone in it; no one to counsel you, no one to help."

"It is true," she said, "I have to stand in it alone. I must stand in it alone."

"Suffer me to be so far your friend."

She faintly shook her head.

"You could not be."

"It is true that—that—the period has not arrived, perhaps for either of us, when we had contemplated such a friendship might begin. But we must waive that: necessity alters cases. Sara, let me serve you: I ask it in the name of Dr. Davenal. Surely you can have no objection?"

Her eyes were swimming in tears as she looked straight before her on the gravel path.

"In anything but this, I should only be too thankful. Sometimes I feel that I am left without a friend in the wide world."

"Why not in this?"

"Because it is a matter that I may not confide to any one. It is"—she lowered her voice—"a secret."

"Sara, I will be true as steel. No matter what dishonor may be in it, it shall be held sacred within my breast; never betrayed, never spoken of. I judge that it is not a pleasant secret; therefore I use the word, dishonor. It is more fitting that I should be engaged in this matter than you."

For a single moment the temptation came over her to tell him what it was; just as the temptation to tell to him the secret connected with Lady Oswald's death, had once momentarily assailed Dr. Davenal. But it passed away almost with the thought. She could not betray her brother; she *could not*. Neither might she delegate to another the last directions left to her by her father. Safely grasped in her hand she held those sealed papers left by Dr. Davenal: how could she transfer them even to Oswald Cray?

"I wish I could tell it you?" she said, in a tone of pain. "But I cannot; it is not possible. You will have guessed that this is not my own secret. It is a charge that was left to me by my dear father when he was dying; and I am obliged to fulfill it. He had no one to leave it to but me."

"Your brother being away I can understand so much. Suffer me to stand to you, in this, in your brother's place. I am sure Captain Davenal would wish it."

The faint color of dread came into her cheeks as she thought how far he would be from wishing this betrayed to Mr. Oswald Cray. "I can't tell it," she murmured.

Oswald turned his gaze upon her, his dark blue eyes never more earnest, more eager.

"Will you let us consider this according to the dictates of common sense. Is it fit that you, being what you are—a lady, young, refined, inexperienced—should be dancing attendance at Jones and Green's offices; men who do not bear too good a reputation in the legal world, to meet principally Mr. Alfred King, a man who bears a worse?"

The crimson shone in her cheeks. Put in this way it was anything but pleasant to the refinement of which he spoke. "I know, I know," she said impulsively; "I felt terribly the going there the day you saw me; I feel it again now. But indeed I cannot help myself. It was a solemn charge left me by my father, and in going through with it I am but doing my duty. God is over me," she simply added. "I have had a great deal to try me, a great deal to bear; but I am striving to do right under Him."

Her lip quivered as she spoke, and she paused from emotion. It was too much for the stoic philosophy of Oswald Cray. All the old feelings, pent up so long, buried only, not subdued, resumed their sway with uncontrollable force, like a torrent let loose down a mountain's side. He caught her hands in his, he bent his face near to hers, its whole expression one of the deepest love, his persuasive voice, trembling with agitation, was sunk to the softest whisper.

"Sara, my dearest, I still love you better than anything on earth. Heaven knows how I have striven to forget you since that cloud fell upon us. It has been of no use. Bereft of you life is but one long, dreary path, growing more cruelly monotonous day by day."

Her heart beat wildly, and for one brief interval a hope, sweeter than any earthly dream, stole into it like a golden ray of sunshine. Only for an instant; she knew that it was but so much deceit, for him as for her.

"Are there no means by which we may forget that cloud, and return to the past?" he resumed, his voice hoarse with emotion, and so low in tone that she could scarcely hear it. "Better to sacrifice a little prejudice than to pass a whole life in dissatisfied pain. Let the dishonor—pardon me for thus alluding to it—rest with the dead. Perhaps it has been wrong from the first to make it our sorrow."

She looked at him, not quite understanding. He saw the doubt.

"Be my wife, Sara. I can then take those troubles upon me as my legal right. On my sacred word of honor, I will never cast a reproach to the past so much as in thought. No! I will not let your hands go until you tell me by word of mouth what I *know*—that your heart is mine still; that we *cannot* be faithless one to the other."

She felt faint with the moment's pain. The dew drops of emotion were gathering on her face, and he would not loose her hands that she might wipe them away.

"If we never were true to each other, let us be so now," he went on. "It is too solemn a moment for equivocation; it is no time for us to pretend ignorance of our mutual love."

It was indeed no time for equivocation, or for doubt. Sara rose superior to it. A reticence that might have been observed at another time was forgotten now in her emotion and pain.

"I have not been faithless; perhaps I never shall be. But we can never be more to each other than we are now. The dishonor clings to me, and always will cling."

"Sara! don't I say that I will forget it?"

"No; I would never bring the possibility of—of—I think you do not understand," she broke off, lifting her white face to his. "It was not only dishonor."

"What else?"

"Crime."

A change passed over his countenance as he raised his head, bent to catch the word. Soon it brightened again. Never, perhaps, had his besetting sin been so quiescent; but pride, even such pride as Oswald Cray's, is a less strong passion than love.

"It was not your crime, Sara. And it has passed away."

"It has not passed away."

"Not passed!"

"Not yet. There's danger still."

Oswald bit his lip. "Danger of what?"

"Of—of—exposure," she faintly said. "Do not force me to say more. Only believe one thing—that I can never be your wife. Do you think if there were no insuperable barrier, that I should make one?" she added, her face flushing a hot crimson. "Forgive me: I scarcely know what I say; but you wished that we should speak without reserve."

"Sara, let me fully understand. Do you imply that there exists any good and substantial reason *still*, call it insuperable barrier, if you will, why you ought not to become my wife? Wait a moment. Before you give answer, remember that to my heart it is fraught with either life or death."

"I do not imply it; I fully state it. Oh, don't visit it upon me!" she exclaimed, as his face seemed to be assuming its old haughtiness. "It is not my fault. I did not work the disgrace."

"No," he answered soothingly, "it is not your fault. Forgive me," he softly whispered. "The blow to me is heavy."

"It may pass for you. It will pass. You will form new friendships, new ties, and forget the old. Better that it should be so."

"But never a new love!" he answered. "Never one who will be to me what the other has been."

She rose from her seat. Oswald drew her down on it again.

"As I hinted just now, Sara, the time when we may mix freely as friends has not yet come; it would not do for either of us. But I must make a last appeal to you—suffer me to be your friend in this one strait. Is it not *possible* that I can act for you?"

"It is not possible. There are certain reasons why neither you nor anybody else can do this: and, putting these aside, there is the weighty one that it was the charge bequeathed to me by my dying father. Thank you for all," she whispered, as she suddenly rose and held out her hand, her soft dark eyes speaking their thanks to his.

He rose also, did not release her hand, but placed it within his arm to lead her up the solitary path. If those grave, middle-aged counsel, deep in their briefs behind the grave windows opposite, had been glancing out at the interview, it probably reminded them of their own sweet spring-time.

Sara withdrew her arm at the garden gate, but he walked by her side through the courts to Essex street. She halted there to say adieu.

"I suppose I must not ask to accompany you?"

She shook her head. "I must be alone."

"Fare you well, then," he said. "May all good angels guard you."

Mr. Alfred King was waiting for her. He was evidently not pleased at two hundred pounds of the sum being missing: but he turned it off upon the "other parties." They would not accept it, he said, unless paid in full: and he hinted at consequences to Captain Davenal. He would not sign the receipt: told Sara it was useless to unseal it: but he did write a receipt for the present money paid. Altogether, it was a less satisfactory interview than even the former one had been: and Sara quitted him with a sinking heart. She had not the remotest idea where to get the money; and a despairing foreboding was upon her that Edward must yet pay the sacrifice of his crime.

"How long will they wait?" she asked herself as she went shivering up Essex street. "Suppose they send me word that they will not wait?—that Edward—oh, if I had but the means to—"

"Well? Is the thing happily over? You said this might be the last interview."

It was Oswald Cray. He had waited for her. Her mind was preoccupied with its fears, almost bewildered, and she scarcely knew what she answered.

"No! it is not happily over. It is all unhappy, and I am frightened. The money I took them was—was—" she broke off with a start. Recollection had come to her.

"Was what?" he asked.

"I think I forgot myself," she murmured as a burning flush dyed her face. "My mind is full of trouble. Pray pardon me, Mr. Oswald Cray."

Pompeii.

From the summit of Vesuvius, the eye surveys the broad lands round its base, glittering with the sunny towns of this our century, and among them discerns one city, dark in sombre brown, like a Capuchin in the midst of a gala. This is Pompeii—the irrevocable Past standing with its solemn testimony in the presence of the day that flits by with its trifles and its cares.

The small things which bring home this testimony to us have been often enumerated. All have heard of the dough kneaded for the oven, the linen wrung out for drying, the meat in the act of cooking, the loaves, and fruits, and eggs, and instruments of the kitchen and the toilet. But the most affecting of all is perhaps not so generally known. Off the discovery, in removing the ashes, of a substance approaching in shape to human remains, a happy thought occurred, that by making an aperture, and pouring in wet plaster, the form, which had doubtless wasted away and left a hollow within, might be reproduced. The experiment was eminently successful; and the result as yet has been, the production of four human figures, in attitudes most characteristic, and most affecting. One group consists of two females; it would seem, mother and daughter. The young girl lies writhing in the very agony in which she passed away. One hand convulsively presses a handkerchief on her head: one foot is lifted up in her pain. It can be plainly seen that she was covered with a thin night-robe only: the flesh of the shoulder is comparatively smooth, and beneath it the very texture of the dress can be traced.

Time may bring to light many similar records of human suffering, for not more than one-third of the buried city has been as yet disinterred.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON DRESSING FOR A DINNER ENGAGEMENT.—One day I was going homeward in a cab to dress for a dinner engagement, when I thought I observed the duke riding down St. James's street towards the House of Lords. On reaching the house of the friend with whom I was to dine, I found that the Duke of Wellington was expected to dinner. He arrived punctually. In the course of the evening I took an opportunity of asking him whether I was mistaken in supposing I had seen him a short time before dinner riding down St. James's street. I then expressed my surprise at the rapidity of his movements in getting back to Apsley House in time to dress and be punctual to his engagement. He said, "No, I did not do that; I had ordered my carriage to meet me at the House of Lords, and I changed my dress whilst it was bringing me here."—*Babbage's "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher."*

☞ The trout is said to be a keen-sighted fish; the fact is, he wears specs.

Earthworms and Earwigs.

Our conversation turned upon a very humble creature—the earthworm. My friend began by asking me

"What do worms eat?"

"Earth," I answered.

"Earth!" he added, incredulously. "How, in the name of common sense, can they live upon earth?"

"I did not say that they lived upon earth," I answered; "I told you that they eat earth; and so they do; but you must remember that the earth, or mould, is full of organic atoms, and it is from these that the worm derives its sustenance."

"But I thought that it fed upon the roots of plants?"

"No; that is not correct: the worm gorges itself with plain vegetable mould, and the nutritive particles are extracted by the process of digestion, whilst the mineral portion is ejected in the form of worm-shaped masses, commonly known as worm-castings."

"That is very curious," said he. "By-the-by, is it true that if you cut a worm in half, the two portions will re-unite in the course of a few hours?"

"No, certainly not; but it is a very generally spread idea, nevertheless, and one that has been credited by many scientific men, although it is utterly without foundation. A writer in the 'Entomological Magazine' actually based upon this legend a theory respecting the much agitated question of natural superiority among animals. This author considered that identity of person was the best proof of high organization; or, to be more explicit, he said that the fact of man having a personal identity—that is, of his indivisibility as a living body—showed that he was far superior in natural conformation to the worm that could be divided into ever so many parts, each of which would become a separate organism of itself. Now, this theory is even more absurd than the one you have just broached, although it is in many respects very similar to it; but both are equally erroneous. If you cut a worm in half, it is just possible that the portion containing the head will recover the injury; but as for the other half, it may wriggle for hours with a degree of seeming vitality, but it will eventually lose its vital powers, on account of the absence of the more important organs, and will never, under any circumstance whatever, re-unite with the head."

"But," argued my friend, "I have seen the lamp where the two parts *have* re-united. How do you account for that?"

"The lamp of which you speak," I replied, "is well known to naturalists to be an enlargement of a certain number of the rings of the body, which takes place at certain periods of the year."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Frank. "I am glad that I mentioned the subject, since, had you not explained the matter to me, I should have affirmed, to the last day of my life, that the divided halves of a worm did unite, and that I had decided the question by personal observation."

"You would have made a great mistake, then," I returned; "but it could hardly be otherwise; for I believe that out of the population of England—and I mean here, of the educated classes—there is scarcely one in every hundred, except those who are students of natural history, but imagines that the theory of the duplicity—or, I might say, multiplicity, if the term be allowable—of the worm's character is essentially correct."

At this moment my friend busied himself with inspecting an earwig-trap that hung close by the spot where we stood. Only one captive was there to pay the penalty of its misdemeanors; but, as it happened in this particular case, it did not suffer the doom for which it was intended. Picking the earwig out of the flower-pot, my friend began to examine it very closely, and, in a few moments, reopened the conversation by inquiring whether it was true that earwigs were ever found in people's ears.

"It is one of those popular fables," I said, "that are utterly without foundation. Earwigs are only injurious as far as our flower-garden is concerned. They never enter the human ear, unless by some unlucky chance; and if they did, it is not likely that they would penetrate to the brain. The name 'earwig' possibly originated in the fact that their aural forceps, when closed, bear some resemblance to the external portions of an ear; for, otherwise, the name has no meaning, now that the dangerous propensities of the insect are found to be fabulous."

"For what purpose, then, are these forceps intended?" inquired my friend.

"That is doubtful," I replied; "possibly they may be used for folding the wings, since the wing-cases are small, as you will perceive, and the wings are particularly large, and must therefore be closely folded, in order that they may be compressed within the limits of their sheaths."

"Do earwigs suckle their young?" inquired Frank. "A friend of mine told me, the other day, that they did so. Was he right?"

"No, he was not," I returned. "Earwigs do not suckle their young; it is only quadrupeds that have this peculiarity, besides man; but, nevertheless, earwigs are very devoted parents, and take great care of their offspring. They may be said to hatch their eggs, for they sit on them a great deal; and if the eggs be scattered about, the female earwig will not rest until she has gathered them all together again; and when the young ones emerge from the shell, the parent tends them as a hen does her chickens; so that, after all, earwigs are not such detestable creatures as some would make them out to be; and deserve great credit for their parental affection for their offspring, although they do devour our flowers and commit great depredations in our greenhouses and gardens."

☞ We have a "scion," says an exchange, not yet advanced to the dignity of jacket and trowsers, who, as the genial "Country Parson" would say, seems to understand the art of "putting things." It became necessary the other day to inflict a dose of castor-oil, and the little fellow took the sickening stuff as bravely as any veteran could see a bayonet charge. A wry face or two, and his opinion of the medicament found expression as follows: "Mother, I don't think I quise like castor-oil; it's a little too rich!"

☞ Dr. T———, who is a materialist, showed one of his friends a surgical instrument ornamented with a handle carved in bone. "By-the-by," said he, "do you know what that handle is made of?" "Of ivory, *parbleu!*" "No, you are wrong there," said the Doctor, with tears in his eyes, "that handle is *the thigh-bone of my poor aunt!*"

TRACES ON THE SAND.

I.

Children playing merrily
'Twixt the sea and land,
Building baby-castles
On the tawny strand—
Leaving when the day is done
Traces on the Sand:

II.

Lovers pacing silently,
Clasping hand in hand,
Shadows slowly darkening
Round them where they stand—
Printing with their footmarks
Traces on the Sand:

III.

Man with sin-stained visage
Striding o'er the strand,
Holding up in Heaven's face
A defiant hand—
Leaving sad rebellious
Traces on the Sand!

IV.

Student pouring earnestly,
Sitting Book in hand,
Searching out the mystery
Of the Great Command:
Vain thy knowledge, vain thy labor—
Traces on the Sand!

V.

White-haired Sailor hearkening
To an anthem grand,
Which thy life long thou hast heard,
Yet can'st not understand—
Long enough have lain thine Idle
Traces on the Sand!

VI.

Comes the Everlasting Ocean roaring to the land;
Waves in wild commotion bearing down upon the strand:
Sweeping off for ever, all our Traces on the Sand!

F. D. F.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

"She saw him, Edward Winslow, her lover, husband—the man for whom she had given up the pride and prejudices of her station, the bridegroom to whose arms she had fled, and with whom her future life was to be passed. But in what plight? In the centre of a knot of men, who sought in vain to calm or restrain him, struggling, raving, grovelling on the earth, writhing like a crushed worm, with foam and blood on his lips, his features hideously distorted, his eyes glaring vacantly. It was horrible, horrible! If such was the impression made upon myself, who only speak from hearsay, and who derive my knowledge of the facts from Aurelia's recital, what must have been the effect of such a sight on Miss Darcy? But she bore it bravely. She did not scream or faint; she only stopped on the threshold, silent and dismayed. There she stood, gazing fearfully on that figure, that Thing in Winslow's shape, that strove and tore against the merciful hands that held it from dashing itself against the walls. She often congratulated herself afterwards on her presence of mind. I, too, praised her wonderful self-control; but I, though I am no sentimentalist—now, at least—could not have equalled it. It must have been so natural for a woman, seeing the man she loved in such a state, no matter why, to rush forward, and lay the poor agonized head on her bosom, and own him before the whole world as hers, in a generous outbreak of pity and fondness, that I cannot understand Aurelia's conduct, except by supposing that she loved herself so well that to sacrifice any human being was easier to her than to compromise her own happiness.

"The landlord, seeing a stranger, evidently a lady by her dress and look, came up to beg her not to be alarmed. 'Tis a poor crazed gentleman, miss—an Englishman. He's only in a fit, may be; but 'tis an ugly sight for a lady; so, if your ladyship would step up stairs, the'——

"'It's just epilepsy,' said an old man in rusty black, the schoolmaster, probably, of the village.

"'It's madness, sceuhla!' growled another man, showing his own fingers, lacerated and bleeding. 'Look at my hands, bad cess to him! that's what I got, hauldin' him. He's mad, or my name's not Sullivan.'

"Mad! That dreadful word found an echo in Aurelia's heart. All her old doubts and surmises regarding her lover—doubts and surmises that she had kept from me even—came crowding on her memory at once, and brought conviction along with them. Yes, Winslow *must* be insane! A diseased brain alone could fully account for his odd behaviour at times—his fits of morbid melancholy, succeeded by extravagantly high spirits—his singular incoherent bursts of mystic oratory. Mad! And she was his wife, the wife of that—that madman, that creature grovelling on the floor! For his sake she had given up the world.

"'Poor gentleman, sorrow one of us knows him, not even the name of him.' He tuk the Folly up glen from my lord's agent in Ogletown, and it's like the agent can tell who he is. He spoke of his wife comin' here to meet him. Does your ladyship know him at all, at all?' said the good-natured landlady, courtesying to Aurelia.

"Several persons looked towards Miss Darcy, for so I call her still. Aurelia took one long look at the poor wretch before her, crying aloud and battling with those who grasped him; and she told me that his aspect reminded her more of what she had always fancied must have been that of the Possessed—the demoniacs mentioned in Scripture—than anything she had ever seen. She turned shuddering away. In those few moments love had died out in her breast, and only horror and a keen desire to escape the consequences of what she now regarded as adventurous folly, succeeded to the dead love. It was a critical moment; many eyes were upon her. She made her election; it was the turning-point of her life; but in spite of her courage, even she was agitated as she replied:

"'No, I never saw the—never saw him before. Has he no'——

"She meant to have said, had he no friends to care for him; but shame rose in her, in spite of herself, and cut the sentence short. And then a new incident occurred. Aurelia has a very remarkable voice, which few who have heard it forget. It is more musical than other voices—not loud, but so very distinct, and with a sort of silvery sweetness in it that I never heard in others. Winslow had loved, dearly loved to listen to her as she sang him some plaintive old ballad, now and then, in our mountain excursions; and here her voice fell on his rage and frenzy like oil on a stormy sea. He looked around, saw her, and tried to spring towards her, stretching out his arms, and loudly exclaiming:

"'Aurelia, Aurelia, my beautiful, my dearest, my queen—save me! They are upon me—to drag me down, down to the pit where the snakes are twining and hissing, where they—— O, Aurelia, help me—help!"——

"And he foamed and gnashed his teeth, and could not speak.

"'Oh, I cannot bear this; let me go away; Indeed I cannot bear this," cried Aurelia, hurrying away, horror struck, pursued by the inarticulate howls and cries of the sufferer. She hastened to the car. The driver was undoing the rough rope harness of the horse; she hastily bade him desist; she must go back at once. The man hesitated. The horse was weary, he said; and he had understood that her ladyship would not require him to return to Rathermines that evening, for it was getting late. The shadows of evening were closing in, and the sun was below the mountain peaks. Aurelia persisted; she reiterated her orders. Scanlan sullkily obeyed. The landlady came out, expressing her regret that the visitor should have had so sad a welcome to Glen Brazil.

"'Dhrive steady, Mike,' she said to Scanlan, who was known to her though Aurelia was not. 'The young lady—bless her handsome face—has been scared by seeing the poor crature indoors, and no wonder. Don't cry, miss'—for there were tears, for once, in Aurelia's eyes—'you're quite safe now. Sure ye'll never see him again, alanna!'

"But before Aurelia went, she rallied her powers of intellect, and told Mrs. Morrison, the landlady, that she sincerely pitied the poor gentleman who was so ill; that she hoped they would be kind to him, and treat him well; and that, as she knew Lord Kilgavock's agent, and should be in Ogletown on the day following, she would make inquiry respecting the unfortunate stranger, and would take steps which would insure his being duly cared for, and towards communicating his melancholy condition to such relatives of his as might be discovered. In the meantime she intreated that he might have gentle usage, and on no account be permitted to leave the inn, lest he should injure himself in some paroxysm of his disorder. She enforced these injunctions by a gift of three sovereigns, again assured the people that she would lose no time in informing Mr. Gooch, Lord Kilgavock's agent, of the misfortune that had befallen his tenant; and when the car drove off, she left behind her the reputation of being the most charitable, angelic, soft-hearted, and beautiful lady that had ever graced the village with her presence. A cheer and a shower of blessings followed her as Scanlan whipped the jaded horse into a trot, and the car rattled down the ill-kept road. Aurelia told me that she kept up her courage for about five minutes more, and then bent forward and wept, but kept down her sobs by stern self-control, lest Scanlan should suspect anything. I can believe this though I never saw a tear in Aurelia's eyes. It was very late when she got back. Lady Harriet was alarmed; the men-servants had been sent to scour the village of Rathermines and glean tidings of Miss Darcy; Finucane had been questioned, and so had I. I had stoutly protested my ignorance of my friend's proceedings, and had been soundly rated for my pains. Lady Harriet was very hard with me that evening, and said cutting, spiteful things in her anger. I could scarcely help retorting, but I bit my lips, and refrained.

"Then Aurelia came in. Her eyes, I thought, showed traces of weeping, but she was very much excited, and in an apparently joyous mood. I was excessively surprised at seeing her; but she hardly looked at me, but addressed herself to Lady Harriet, who had drawn herself up in the stiff, stately, frigid way she sometimes assumed, and coldly asked an explanation of her niece's reason for staying out till near eleven at night and alone. Aurelia has a winning way, that few can resist. When she chooses to coax, and to be playful, and to supplicate with eager, pretty ways, that seem more pretty when they belong to such an imperial-looking woman, she is almost sure of success. She succeeded in charming away Lady Harriet's ill-humor. The story she told her 'dear aunt' of a trip to Loughna-Sheah, or the Lake of the Fairies—a trip which she was whimsical enough to make alone, the rather that I, her usual companion, was suffering from a severe toothache—with all the details of a lost horse-shoe, a lame horse, a tipsy smith, who had to be wakened from his drunken sleep before the forge could be set to work, and other misadventures, was told so naturally, so amusingly, that the proud old mistress of Rathglas laughed heartily for once; and when the tale was ended, kissed her niece, and patted the fair young cheek with her wrinkled hand, in token of forgiveness.

"So well was the story—made up, I believe, on the spur of the moment—kept up, that I myself felt as if I were dreaming. But when I was alone with Aurelia, she drew from her pocket the letter she had penned and carried to Glen Brazil—the letter that was to have told her aunt of her stolen marriage: she thrust this letter into the flame of the candle, and watched it burn till it fell on the marble of the chimney-piece, a heap of feathery-gray tinder. Then she gave a little sigh, and looked up.

"'That, at least, will tell no tales,' she said. 'How lucky that I did not leave it on my aunt's table, as I first thought of doing.'

"'What does all this mean, Aurelia?' I asked, stupid with surprise.

"She sighed again. But her eyes were quite dry, and her smile as hard and bright as steel when she answered:

"'It means that all that happened in that chapel is to be treated as a dream. The dream is over for ever. Edward and I can never be husband and wife, even in name.'

"And then she told me all. I was greatly shocked, but not very sorry, I am afraid. I was not glad of the terrible calamity that had fallen on poor Edward, but I felt more excitement than compassion, as we often do, when misfortunes come upon our neighbors. My sympathy with Aurelia was genuine for the time. I felt quite angry that she should have been thus deceived, for Winslow's reticence with respect to his liability to epileptic fits, if he was aware of the taint in his blood, was certainly very blameworthy. But Aurelia was much more angry than I was.

"'The ungrateful, treacherous wretch!' she said, bitterly. 'I gave up all for him, and how he betrayed me! Do not take his part, Lydia, and pretend that you do not believe him to be mad. You did not see him as I saw him, I tell you. Oh, if you had— As if it were not enough to have given my friends, and position, and my station in life, to marry a man without birth or property! I have sacrificed myself for a girlish fancy; but my folly is over now.'

"I did not venture to remind Aurelia of the fine sentiments she had expressed when she declared the penniless artist one of nature's nobility, or to recall to her how she had ridiculed the idea of the grand-daughter of Mr. Hanks standing in terror of a mesalliance. I did say that I thought Winslow not exactly mad, though he had perhaps the seeds of insanity in his heated brain; he might be very much to blame for keeping silence, when prevailing on a girl to marry him, on the subject of the terrible hereditary complaint from which he suffered; but I also doubted if he knew even that. It might be that this was a first attack; it might be that he had no knowledge of the existence in his family of that mysterious stigma; it might be——

"'Yes,' coolly broke in Aurelia; 'but mad or sane, innocent or guilty, I would sooner lie in my grave, with the winding-sheet around me, and the earth piled upon my head, than I would live in wealth and splendor with such a husband at my side. Had you seen him as I—Enough on that subject! Lydia Crawse, you helped me to marry this man. Help me now again. Help me to get rid of the fetters I have forged for my own sorrow. Do this—get my liberty, and I am bound to you for life.'

"I did help her. We took counsel together; and I was astonished to find how powerful was Aurelia's intellect, which seemed to have grown and strengthened under the agitation of a scene that would have shaken many women's nerves for months. It was she who suggested nearly every mode of escape from the difficulty into which her rash attachment had conducted her. It was essential to dispose of Winslow, to place him in the keeping of some one whose interest it would be to prevent his re-entering the outer world, and to cut him off, as far as possible, from all communion with his fellow-creatures. And she asked me if I did not know of some doctor in the district who had the repute of being needy and unscrupulous. I replied that, unless report maligned him, Dr. Kelly, who lived in a lonely place, called Nine Stone Bridge, halfway between Rathermines and Lisnavard, and who was described as clever, but as a tipsy brute, who ill-treated his gentle little wife, and who had been indicted as chief of a Ribbon society, was just the sort of man.

"Aurelia at once expressed her intention to commit Winslow to this person's custody, and to make such offers of money as would enlist the doctor on her side, even should the patient apparently recover. We could drive to Ogletown, professedly, and diverge to Nine Stone Bridge. And when I mentioned the law and the Commissioners of Lunacy, she laughed scornfully, bidding me remember how wild and untaught were the peasantry around us, and how easily a man might be treated illegally, where all regarded the law with dislike and hostility. She was sure that Winslow could be kept securely, in spite of all statutes to the contrary.

"I did not object very strongly to this course, which Aurelia urged with unrelenting eagerness. But I felt as if I were growing afraid of my friend, and as if it would be unsafe to oppose her, while my interest seemed to coincide with hers. But still, as Miss Darcy developed her scheme, I could not keep back the words that fell from my lips half unconsciously:

"'Why, that would be a living tomb.'

"Aurelia started as if I had struck her.

"Not the less did she persevere in what I now believed was a most wicked purpose. I did not, then, choose to see matters as they really were. Cruel, I thought Aurelia's plan, cruel and unwomanly, but not a crime. As I write—it comes back to me more clearly—yes, it was a crime, and I a willing accomplice. We went to Nine Stone Bridge in state, for Lady Harriet, hearing that her niece wished to go to Ogletown, the nearest place where there were shops, and having taken her into high favor since the escapade and reconciliation of the evening before, insisted on lending her the great yellow chariot, with the high-stepping gray horses, and had even some thoughts of accompanying her. This idea, her ladyship fortunately gave up; but I was permitted to go with Miss Darcy, that I might consult a dentist on the score of a 'dreadful toothache.' We drove quietly through Rathermines, and then Aurelia drew the check-string, and bade the coachman take the longer road, as she wished to stop at Dr. Kelly's house at Nine Stone Bridge.

"We found the doctor a man well suited to our purpose—a strongly-made, reckless-looking person, with a face that was bloated and blotched from constant intemperance, unshaven, slovenly, unwashed, but still cunning and resolute. He was killing himself with drink, to 'drown care,' as he said, after losing a good practice in Cork by his own misconduct; and he would have been lodged in jail long since, but that creditors and bailiffs were alike unwilling to offend a desperado whose connection with the most murderous of the secret societies was more than suspected, and who had been heard to boast that the man who arrested him might as well order his coffin at once. The doctor had a poor young wife whom everybody pitied, and whom he ill-treated cruelly—so rumor went. His house was a lonely one, built of stone, and as stern and dismal as a prison. The windows were barred with iron, and the doors of unusual thickness, and studded with huge square-headed nails. These precautions had been taken by a former proprietor, who was what is called in Ireland 'unpopular;' and who, after all his trouble, was murdered on his road home from market. A better house for the purpose of secreting an illegally-confined lunatic could not easily have been found, and the doctor jumped at the bait which Miss Darcy held out to him. I could not help admiring the tact with which she managed to make this ruffian—an educated ruffian, and therefore worse than others—her instrument and slave. She flattered his vanity by her apparent frankness and trust in him, an outlawed scamp, at war with respectability. Her beauty and graceful boldness thawed the man's morose reserve surprisingly. Much as he wanted money, I believe the hundred and twenty pounds he was to receive annually for taking care of Winslow was not so much an inducement, as the notion, artfully implied, that he should thereby win a victory over his old enemy, the Law.

"That very afternoon, Dr. Kelly drove in a post-chaise to Glen Brazil, accompanied by a stout-limbed peasant, who would have done anything at the bidding of one who had the Ribbon pass-words, and who was as completely devoted to the doctor as if he had been his dog. This man groomed the doctor's horse and cultivated his garden. His name, I think, is Doyle or Moyle. He does not speak English. Dr. Kelly made use of the name of Mr. Gooch, the agent, and took possession of Winslow, whose fury was spent, and who was helpless, and hardly conscious. The people at the inn had no suspicion of any wrong being meant. They were very glad to be relieved of their troublesome charge. Dr. Kelly visited the cottage that poor Edward had hired, and removed the scanty effects that belonged to him, for fear some letters or other papers should provoke inconvenient curiosity. He took Winslow home, and shut him up in a room at the back of the house. That is all I know of his proceedings, except that he gave Aurelia back her letters to Winslow, which she destroyed. She also destroyed the loose leaf containing the registry of her marriage, and which Father Dwyer gave up to her. She obtained this from him by importunity, and perhaps bribery. He promised to keep her secret, and swore on the Four Evangelists to be true to his word. He has been true to his word. So, I believe, has the doctor, who also swore not to reveal anything, even in confession, till Aurelia should give him leave.

"Shortly after this, Aurelia left her aunt's house, and returned home to her father's in Warwickshire. We parted very good friends. She renewed her promise to help me through life to the utmost of her power. She gave me several trinkets—some of them were of value. I have sold them all, or nearly all, at various times, when my mother— I feel my strength is going—I must hurry now. I stayed behind at Rathglas for two years and a half, enduring much for the sake of those dear to me. My brothers were at school, and my salary assisted in paying for— I cannot dwell on details. I came to England at last—saw Aurelia. She had corresponded with me for a few months, then her letters had ceased. I found her hard, cold, ungrateful. I appealed to her feelings, in vain. I threatened; she yielded, and agreed to help me by getting my brothers, Tom and Willie, pushed on in life. She has deceived me. I do not believe she has even tried to help me. I have had money from her—ninety pounds, in two sums. It seemed to burn my fingers when I handled the notes. The money was not for myself. I hope my brothers will one day—repay— I am so faint now that I cannot go on— But Edward Winslow is alive—or was alive lately. I saw him, in hiding, at a cottage near Crowleigh, the first turnpike on the Blanchminster Road. He had escaped from Dr. Kelly. Dr. Kelly wrote to inform Aurelia, and I saw the letter. Dr. Kelly is since dead; I saw his death in a newspaper; and I wrote to an acquaintance, and heard that he died of delirium tremens. I suppose he could not watch so well over— Winslow it was who fired the pistol at Aurelia—she saw his face. She told me— They say he is drowned; I do not believe it. I think he is either living, and if so, Aurelia is—in danger—jealous and vindictive—good cause to hate—or he is made away with. I know Aurelia tampered with some men of evil character—Brown, Nicholas Brown, is the name, I know, son of the woman who keeps the toll-bar on the— Murdered—I fear she meant him to be murdered. She said it was not so. False—false! When she is married to Lord Lynn—I hope my family—claim on her fears—her reputation is— Oh preserve this—it is all I have to leave—dear ones— This is death, this—"

And here the pen had dropped away from the relaxing fingers, and a long irregular line of ink ran across the page, terribly significant. The hand that wrote was still and cold, but the writing was still fresh and glistening.

The surgeon deliberately rose from the perusal of this narrative, folded the papers, and carefully placed them in his pocket. Then he paced the room several times in deep thought, "walking quarter-deck," as he called it, and the red flush of shame, for he was an honest man, rose to his brow.

Suddenly he started. "Fool that I am!" he exclaimed. "This, this—I cannot trust myself to speak of her—is to be married this morning, she who has another husband alive; for as for murder, that's absurd. I'll gallop over with this precious document to Hollingsley. Lord Lynn shall know what his precious bride-elect—the heroine of this rascally tale—really is— But stop! the certificate that poor misled wench spoke of—I ought to have that to show."

And Mr. Killick hurried up stairs, pulling out his watch as he went.

"I may catch him yet, if I ride fast. I could get to Holton Church in time to stop the marriage, of course; but then there would be a scandal and a row. We must avoid that. Poor Anne, how sorry she will be!" And the surgeon hesitated, but only for a moment.

"It is my duty," he said, and pressed on—on into the room of death. No one had entered it since he left it. He took up Miss Crawse's keys that lay on the dressing-table, and unlocked first one of her little trunks, then the other; then he opened her quaint old-fashioned desk, and tossing over the letters it contained, drew out a folded paper. As he unfolded it, his fingers trembled; he knew at a glance that this was what he sought. But he could not help wincing as he looked up, involuntarily, at the figure on the bed, so awfully still beneath the sheet that covered the face from mortal ken. "It seems as if I were robbing her, poor lass," he groaned out; "but it's my duty. If I don't do it, I'm a rogue, for whom keel-hauling would be too good."

And in ten minutes more he was riding towards Hollingsley Court at as rapid a pace as he had ever ridden, even to attend a dying patient, where death or life might hang on half an hours' delay. He feared to be too late after all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

The day was cold, but it was fine, with a pale-blue frosty sky and a cheerful winter-sun; grateful to the birds that sang in the leafless woods, as if they thought St. Valentine had pairing-time nearer than the almanac allowed. The guests who came trooping towards Beechborough agreed that Miss Darcy was fortunate in weather, as in other matters. There was quite a strong muster of the invited ones, and the yellow and pink drawing-rooms overflowed with company. There were some personages present in honor of this occasion whom the Hall had never before been honored by receiving. The Earl of Warrenton, for instance—very short, fat, and red-faced, extremely awkward and abrupt of speech and gesture, and by no means realizing the beau-ideal of an earl, had come to the wedding of his sister's child; so had the Honorable and Rev. Cyril Darcy, who was to perform the ceremony; "assisted," as the newspapers were ready to announce, by Mr. Croft, the rector, whose parishioner Aurelia was. Lord Warrenton was a bachelor, and Mrs. Cyril Darcy was indisposed; but there were two other brothers of poor Lady Maud, a colonel and an under-secretary from some government office, and these had brought their wives with them. This group of Darcies, not one of whom had ever been even commonly civil to intrusive George, until that parvenu's daughter was certain to be a peeress, had condescended to accept intrusive George's invitation, and had been staying for two days past at Beechborough.

None of the bridegroom's near relatives, except the Mainwarings, were present. Admiral Wyvil was sadly busy, and could not just then be released from the bonds of red tape which linked him to Somerset House; and the dowager, with her daughters, the Honorable Misses Wyvil, were still abroad. But two or three persons of rank and fortune, allied to the Wyvils, had driven long distances to be present; and the Mainwarings were there. It was no pleasant task for even gentle Lucy to stand by while the man whom she loved should plight his vows to another in the face of heaven and of men; but Lucy had taken herself sorely to task, and had succeeded in convincing herself that Lord Lynn was nothing to her, except a person in whom she took a cousinly interest, but whom duty and modesty alike forbade her to love. And Mrs. Mainwaring had urged on her husband, and on her daughter, and on herself, the propriety of giving no handle for ill-natured reports on the subject of their daughter's feelings, and had insisted that they owed it to themselves and to society to appear both at church and at breakfast, and to wish Aurelia joy. So the Mainwarings were there.

So was good Mrs. Croft from the Rectory, with something very like a bird of paradise on her brand-new bonnet from Regent street; so were the Croft girls, rustling in their new finery of pale-blue and stone-colored silks, suited to their complexions, and with bonnets, and ribbons, and shawls all new, and all alike, as sisters delight to dress. So was not Mr. Croft, who had gone down to the church; but Mrs. Flathers was there, and people of higher consideration than Mrs. Flathers—all the cream of that side of Warwickshire. These buzzed, and smirked, and criticised one another, commenting on the presents given, or to be given, the jewels that Lord Warrenton was reported to have ordered from Hancock or Emmanuel as a gift to the bride, his niece; the wonders of the trousseau; and so forth. Happy were those who had had a peep at the superb show of the long tables, laid out for the wedding-breakfast with tasteful magnificence, and glowing with flowers, mingled with gold, silver, and Bohemian crystal, as if December were June. Two of the four fair girls who, as bridesmaids, were regarded as the most important and interesting personages of the day, save only the bride, to whom they were to act as satellites, were in the pink drawing-room, and very charming they looked in their bright gauzy attire, and with their radiant young faces rosy with happiness. The other two were up stairs; for the bride's toilet, not the least momentous features of that morning's preparations, was in course of completion. Busy women were going to and fro, as eager and anxious about the trifles that engrossed them, as if Aurelia's whole happiness in life depended on the needle and thread, the paper of pins, the tapes, and narrow sarcenet ribbons for which they came and went; and a subdued, but constant murmur of voices and shutting of doors up stairs, buzzed through the house.

The bride was rather late in making her appearance, but that is a matter-of-course circumstance at every wedding, and people only smiled as the clock struck, and the array of carriages churned up the gravel before the Hall; and still the hum, as of a hive of bees, resounded from above; but Miss Darcy did not come. The bridegroom, however, was fair game for such mild wit as circulates on these occasions; and Lord Lynn was severely rallied behind his back for his tardiness in arriving. Old anecdotes were quoted of absent-minded Benedicts who had gone out fishing, or overslept themselves, or started on a journey, all oblivious of the great event of the day. There was much laughter, if the jokes were poor ones, and all went on pleasantly; and George Darcy's face was the only sad one there, except those of the Mainwaring party, who found it more difficult to be merry off-hand than they had thought would be the case. As for Mr. Darcy, he was going to lose his daughter; it was a real loss to him, and he went about striving to be in hilarious spirits, and drawing down upon himself the compassion of the more sharp-sighted of the guests.

Time crept on. Lord Lynn did not come. People began to fidget, and to compare infallible watches with the French clocks on the chimney-pieces, and to look inquisitively out of such windows as commanded a view of the road through the park.

Mrs. Croft began to think it was very late indeed, and that her liege lord would have rather a dull time of it, kicking his heels in the mouldy little vestry, in company with the clerk and the pew-opener. But then came down the bride-maids, carrying their little heads proudly, and rustling as they passed through the crowd, under a fire of questions.

"Yes, dear Miss Darcy would be down in a moment. She was dressed at last. She looked lovely—lovely. They had never seen her look so beautiful, or so like a queen before—never."

A few minutes passed, but Lord Lynn did not come. It was after time. The carriages must be driven at a smart pace to accomplish the distance to Holton Church, so as to get the marriage-ceremony over within canonical hours. And after the marriage, there was the breakfast; and there was no slight prospect that the newly-wedded pair might lose the train that was to whirl them from the nearest station southwards on their honeymoon tour's first stage.

"Time and tide wait for no man, and trains are much the same," jocularly observed Sir Joseph, the county member. "In our day, bridegrooms were a little more ardent, eh, Dr. Gillies?"

Dr. Gillies, who was the only doctor there, as he had been the only doctor when the festivities of the Beechborough Ball were so rudely interrupted, rubbed his hands and nodded his bald head in assent. Lord Lynn was certainly very late. The bridesmaids had spoken the truth. Aurelia looked a glorious creature indeed on that festive morning that was to be the prelude to a long and brilliant career of worldly prosperity. Her stately beauty was enhanced and softened by the marvellous robes of virginal white, rich with snowy lace, by the long bridal veil, the shimmering moonlight lustre of the pearls on her fair neck, and the wreath of pure orange blossoms that sat so gracefully on her majestic head and broad leonine brow. Can you fancy a

young empress on the morning of her espousals, maidenly, but right royal in her commanding loveliness? If so, Aurelia Darcy realized all that even a poet could dream of, after her haughty fashion. The last touches had been put to the completion of that wonderful structure, the wedding attire of a fashionable bride, and the untiring fingers of the feminine artists could do no more. Even the experienced housekeeper, who had been tirewoman to a duchess in her young days, and who shared the offices of decoratrix with Jennings and the French maid, Mademoiselle Coralie, newly hired to supplement Jennings in her duties, and be hated accordingly by that waiting damsel—even the housekeeper declared that it would be painting the lily to alter so much as a ruffle of lace, or an inch of satin ribbon. So the female Pygmalions, ready to worship the magnificent statue in whose adornments they felt a proprietary right, retired with lingering glances of admiration, and went to give themselves full credit below stairs for all the beauty at which young and old must marvel when the bride, radiant in youth and splendor, should descend the grand staircase.

Aurelia remained alone. Her chamber opened into the blue room, that favorite apartment from the window of which she had watched Lord Lynn riding by Lucy Mainwaring's side through the Park, on a certain bright September day, at the commencement of this history. The bedroom, Miss Darcy's room, had four doors in all, one of which led to the blue room, one to a dressing-room in which was a marble bath, one to the landing-place at the head of the principal staircase. The fourth door, smaller than the others, and less conspicuous, communicated with a narrow and tortuous passage leading to the back-stairs up which the Beechborough housemaids came and went, like useful brownies, whose good deeds of keeping the house in order were done by stealth. This back-passage had formerly been directly accessible from the outside of a house, where a flight of stone steps led up from the garden to a door, long disused, that opened into the passage. This door was always understood to be locked, though it is probable that the rusted screws and worm-eaten wood made the fastenings of small avail. But there is seldom much fear of burglary in a great country-house, with plenty of men-servants at hand, and the condemned door was not regarded as a weak point by which an enemy might break in. The only other door that opened into the passage, besides that of Aurelia's bedchamber, belonged to a lumber-room, where old saddles, mildewed holsters, hair-trunks, India screens, cracked china that some former proprietrix had intended, perhaps a century ago, to employ the gipsies to mend, and similar paraphernalia, reposed undisturbed amid dust and cobwebs. The servants were not fond even of peeping into this repository of old-world lumber, some tradition, at fourth hand, or an eighteenth-century coachman who had hanged himself there for love, having reached their ears.

Aurelia was alone. She looked again at her own beautiful image in the pier-glass, and first she smiled, then sighed, and then smiled again, all the pretty dimples about the handsome mouth coming into view again for the last time. There was the calm pride of triumph in her face, as she fronted the glass, and looked at the reflection of the mystic orange blossoms and the bridal veil. She felt happy then. A few drops of bitterness might mingle, perhaps, with the cup of joy at her lips, but she was happy—an awful happiness, standing as she stood on the brink of the shadowy Future. It is a hackneyed simile, that of Damocles at the feast, with the sharp sword hanging over his neck by a hair, ready to fall. But an unconscious Damocles, blind and deaf to the threatening danger, hopeful and confident under the very sparkle and flash of the blade—is not that more terrible! Aurelia Darcy had no fears; she turned away from the silent flattery of the great pier-glass, and opening the door that led into the blue room, passed through it. She had locked the door of her bedchamber that communicated with the landing-place and chief staircase; she now locked the outer door of the blue room; as she did so, a strange repugnance to the act, so trifling in itself, in which she was engaged, came over her; and her fingers dallied with the key, lingering before they turned it. She was angry with the instinct that rose within her, and her lip curled as she turned the key in the lock. She had cut herself off from her last chance, had flung away the last hope of safety; but she was blind to that, as to the rest.

She had locked herself in thus, that in the last few moments of her unmarried life, she might burn some letters. Softly she opened a little ebony casket, a pretty toy from Italy, studded with ivory and gold, and from a secret drawer took out three old letters in a man's handwriting. Miss Crawse had related how she had seen Aurelia burn the letters which she had written to Edward Winslow. She was now about to burn his to her, which, by some strange inconsistency of her stubborn heart, she had kept to the last. She took up a match box, kindled a taper, and prepared to destroy the letters. First she burned one, and then a second, watching the scorched paper, with the loving passionate words upon it, shrivel and blaze and fall to ashes. How she had kissed those letters once, when the ink was new, and the characters were glorified by fancy as though written in gold, and the contents of every page were worth reading a dozen times over, before they were tenderly consigned to their hiding place in the most beautiful bosom in the world! Now, the letters were old rubbish, useless, perhaps dangerous; let them perish. As she thrust the third letter into the flame, and saw the fire fasten on it, blotting out the words as it burned on, she thought she heard the creaking of a door. She had omitted to secure the back-door of her bedroom, that which led to the servants' part of the house. But though she listened, there was no rustle of feminine attire, as there would have been had some officious Abigail made her way in, unbidden. Nor was the creaking sound renewed; the only sounds Aurelia heard were the stamping of the horses' feet on the gravel without, where the carriages waited, and a low hum from the company that had overflowed the drawing-rooms, and encroached on the oak-floored entrance-hall.

She burned the last letter. She was ready to go down, and as she gathered up her sweeping skirts with one hand, with the other she let the last fragment of charred paper fall upon the hearth.

"I have finished with the Past!" she said almost sorrowfully, and as she turned and passed the mirror, she glanced again at her own beauty, imaged in its broad surface. But as she did so, her heart suddenly stopped beating, the blood seemed to freeze in her veins, her features stiffened into a fixed look of mortal fear, of almost more than mortal fear. In the glass she had seen *two* faces? And that other face! better the Gorgon's grisly visage, with snaky locks, and eyes that changed the flesh they gazed on into stone—better Medusa and her direful sisterhood, than that face, young still, but gaunt, haggard, menacing, that met her startled stare of horror as abruptly as if her last words had evoked from the regions beyond the grave the spectre of a dead love and a dead past!

For a moment, a long cruel moment, she stood thus; and then, as the impulse of self-preservation up and spurred her to action, she gave a smothered shriek—her voice failed her at her utmost need, and was quite weak and low, as our voices are when we cry aloud in horrible dreams—and she sprang to the door. He, the man whose image she had seen in the glass, was close behind; she knew it, but her movement had been quick. Ah! lost—lost! The door was locked. Her shaking fingers could not turn the key in time. The pursuer reached her. She felt his breath on her cheek. He tore her grasp away from the door, dragged her back, back to the corner of the hearth where she had lately stood, busy in destroying the letters. Again she tried to scream for help. It was too late. His hand was pressed upon her mouth, the other hand clutched her arm with the gripe of a smith's vice, and in an instant more the fingers of the hand that had been pressed upon her mouth slipped from their hold, and clasped her white neck, not violently, but resistlessly, with the supple strength of a serpent coiling around his prey. Then she knew that she was doomed. But she did not swoon or fall; she stood, with heaving breast and white lips, fronting the danger. And then the man, a wild, travel-stained figure fixed his eyes, glittering with ominous menace, on those of the bride.

"We are face to face at last!" he said, hoarsely, "Aurelia Darcy and Edward Winslow have met once more. Not as lovers now—not as husband and wife; no, but as judge and criminal. All the wealth in the world cannot avail you now!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oyster Culture in France.

The following is M. Coste's ingenious method of restocking the exhausted oyster bank in the bay of St. Brieuc. The immersion of thirty millions of oysters on ten previously designated sites began in March and ended in April. To ensure their being regularly deposited at such distances as not to interfere with each other, a steamer towed a fleet of boats laden with oysters in baskets, which were emptied in the spaces marked by buoys. The gravid mothers found M. Coste's subaqueous arrangements ingeniously complete. Shells of oysters and other shell-fish had been collected from various quarters, and thrown down on the banks to be operated upon: on these the newly transported oysters speedily fastened. The excluded embryos were thus supplied with points of attachment; and, to prevent their being scattered, long lines of hurdles were ranged across the banks, and retained in their places, floating above the spawning oysters, by being suspended from ropes fastened to ballast-stones. Galvanised iron chains are now substituted for ropes, which rotted quickly. Hardly six months elapsed when the promises of science were astonishingly verified. Nothing but oysterlings *everywhere*! the breeding oysters, the shells on the banks, the very strand, were covered. "Never," exclaims M. Coste, "did Cancale and Granville, in their highest prosperity, exhibit such a spectacle of productiveness. Every part of the hurdles is loaded with clusters of oysters in such profusion as to resemble the trees in our orchards when, in spring, their branches are covered with a profusion of blossoms. They should be termed actual petrifactions. Seeing is necessary to believing such a wonder. I have sent to your Majesty one of these apparatus for collecting seed, in order that, with your own eyes, you may judge of the riches of these hurdles. The young oysters are already of the size of from two to three centimetres. These are fruits which only require eighteen months to ripen into an immense harvest. There are even twenty thousand in a single hurdle, which does not occupy more space in the water than is occupied by a stalk of corn in a field. Now, twenty thousand edible oysters are worth 400 francs; their current price, when bought on the spot, being twenty francs the thousand. The revenue from this species of industry will, consequently, be inexhaustible; for we can submerge as many seed-collecting apparatus as we please, and each adult forming part of the deposit produces at least two or three millions of embryos. The bay of St. Brieuc will thus become an actual granary of abundance, if, by the union of the banks already created, we convert the whole of it into a vast field of production."

This, assuredly, is an experiment suggestive of physiological problems of the highest importance, and furnishing most practical hints as to the improvement of oyster fishings. It proves by a brilliant result that the asserted powers of pisciculture are not follies, and justifies the belief that, wherever the bottom is free from mud, and not already occupied by the mussel, with which the oyster lives not in accord, industry, guided by science, can create, in the bosom of oceans fertilized by its care, harvests more abundant, and very much less expensive than are yielded by the land.

THE EBB AND FLOW OF BEAUTY.—Beauty makes its own fashions when it comes; and we must remember that it is not once a beauty and always a beauty. People are continually being disappointed in children in this respect; cherubs grow up into ogres—mouths widen most portentiously about fourteen years old; dimples about that time often vanish, and noses then can lengthen, or crook, or even snub; and it is fortunately the same the other way, too—that faces ugly in the cradle may quite change by twenty. Some people's beauty comes very late, indeed, and those who have been repugnant in their youth and maturity may look splendid in old age. Gray hairs and white beards become some folks wonderfully; a few wrinkles, also, greatly improve certain faces; and one old lady of our acquaintance we never dreamed was beautiful till we saw her in spectacles.—*Victoria Magazine.*

☞ Perhaps our readers would like to have their recollections refreshed with what occurred nine days before the surrender of Vicksburg. On the 25th of June, a fort, which had been mined by Gen. Grant, was blown up, and a strong Federal column advanced to the assault, but after a bloody contest with the enemy was compelled to retire. On the 29th of June, another mine was sprung, but was followed by no assault. On the 4th of July, Vicksburg surrendered.

The Water-Cure at Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire.

Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, if the patient be tolerably strong, he is awakened by the tap of his bath-man, who enters the room in a quiet, business-like manner, and proceeds to get ready the morning bath. This may be a warm or cold "shallow," or "dripping sheet," or some milder application.

The "dripping sheet," which sounds so uncomfortable, is one of the safest and best baths for a general cleansing of the skin that I am acquainted with, and has the great advantage, that any person may take it in his own room at home without assistance, all the apparatus required being two large sheets and a pail of water. I commend the "dripping sheet" to the notice of working men and other dwellers in towns, who desire the comfort of a morning bath without the expense of a bath-room or of a large supply of water.

The manner of giving this bath at Ben Rhydding is as follows:—The patient having stepped out of bed—and the warmer he is the better—stands on the floor while the bath-man lifts from a pail a sheet literally dripping with water, which he throws over the patient's head from behind, so that it descends to his breast, and hangs behind him to the floor. The patient rubs his breast vigorously in front with the wet sheet, while the bath-man rubs behind, and the first slight shock is followed speedily by a warm glow. The wet sheet is then exchanged for a dry one, and vigorous friction is again used for a minute or two. The patient then dresses quickly, and goes out for a sharp walk. If the bath be a "shallow," he sits with legs extended in about six inches of water, which is dashed rapidly about his chest, and a pailful poured over the shoulders, and he is then dried in a sheet as before.

There is an old rule, to "keep the head cool with temperance, and the feet warm with exercise." To this hydropathists and another—"Bathe frequently, and get warm by exercise before and after each bath," except in the case of the morning bath, when the exercise comes after bathing only.

When this rule is attended to, the immediate effect of the bath is very agreeable and invigorating. The patient at Ben Rhydding has many acres of pleasure-grounds to walk in, but if he is able to get up to the moors above the house, he will breathe there a still more bracing air. He stops, or ought to stop, at the fountain, to take a glass of sparkling water, and then mounts the curious rock called the "Cow," to view the landscape, or follows the old Bradford road overlooking the valley, till he reaches the water trough. As he returns through the fields, the birds are rejoicing at the return of the sun; the sheep and cattle browse tranquilly on the slopes of the hills, and thin wreaths of smoke from the little stone cottages in the hollows indicate that the day's work has begun.

At eight o'clock there is breakfast in the dining-room, which is large enough to seat nearly a hundred people. There are some evident invalids among the company, and some who look in such excellent health that we must set them down as visitors who have brought their families here for a holiday, intending, perhaps, to give some weakly one a touch of remedial treatment. These visitors do good to others as well as themselves, for their cheerfulness re-acts upon the patients, who have naturally a tendency to depression of spirits. Some of the greatest invalids keep their rooms, and some who are not invalids prefer privacy, but these are exceptions. Breakfast begins with a saucerful of oatmeal-porridge—a great luxury, in my opinion, though not always appreciated by new comers. I wish basins of stiff oatmeal-porridge, boiled for an hour in water, and eaten with milk, found their way more often to the tables of the London poor. This fare, wholesome, nourishing, and satisfying, would not cost so much as the tough and sour bread, the semi-putrid herring, and the rancid bacon, which are commonly to be seen there; and the children would thrive on it as they never can on less pure food. The Ben Rhydding breakfast includes, in addition to the porridge, a variety of substantial fare, and, in fact, the old traditions of hydropathy seem to have departed, and people live there much as they do at home, except that the food is free from adulteration. In the early days of the water-cure, stimulants and condiments of every kind were unlawful, but now these laws have been much relaxed—a change brought about, probably by the intermingling of visitors with patients.

Breakfast over, a bell summons to the drawing-room, where the physician reads a portion of scripture and a prayer. Persons attached to many different denominations are in the house, but they nearly all attend this brief service.

After prayers the post arrives, and there is an interval of conversation, when acquaintances may be made, prognostications about the weather freely indulged in, and excursions planned to places of interest in the neighborhood. Presently the doctor's attendant summons a patient to the consulting-room, and the others follow in their turn, until each has had his day's work marked out for him.

According to one authority, the Egyptian priests qualified themselves for the performance of their idolatrous rites by bathing in cold water three times a day, and occasionally at night. This was an effort to cleanse themselves from positive defilement, and was not a typical act. It was characteristic and instructive; for all false religions differ from the true in this, that the former deal solely with the outward man and his acts, while the latter deals with the inner man and his motives. The modern hydropathists, who bathe in some way or other as often as the Egyptian priests—the nocturnal ablutions excepted—are wiser than the Egyptians, for they undertake, by means of water applied internally and externally, not only to cleanse the skin, but also to remove poisonous and effete matter from the blood, to purify the system, and stimulate the vital energy, so that the various functions of the body may be enabled to do their work regularly. It is a mistake to suppose that hydropathy is mere bathing. On the contrary, the water is applied locally or generally, in many different forms and under various conditions, and its effects upon the frame are equally various.

After receiving his instructions, the patient gets into the air again, if he is able, and perhaps joins in one of the out-door games which are frequently going on. The morning is the time for a good long ramble, and among so many guests he is pretty sure to find some genial companion to accompany him. He may pay a visit to the neighboring village of Ilkley, whose "Old Wells" was the original bathing establishment of these parts. Or he may stroll along the hill-sides, in the woods, and beside the streamlets, where a bunch of various wild flowers may soon be gathered in summer, such as the milkwort, wood-anemone, wood-sorrel, golden saxifrage, violet, primrose, foxglove, eyebright, wild garlic, scabious, purple loose-strife, and many others; or where, if he be a botanist, he may find good store of ferns, mosses, and other interesting plants.

At noon another bath is taken. It may be a sitz or hip-bath, to relieve the head and strengthen the digestion; or a rain-bath, in which the water is squirted at the patient through innumerable horizontal jets—a most powerful tonic; or it may be a "wet pack," employed in cases of fever or inflammatory action of any kind. This bath is regarded as a luxury by most persons who have tried it. The bed clothes having been removed, a blanket is stretched on the mattress, and upon the blanket a sheet which has been dipped in cold water and well wrung out. The patient lies down on the sheet, and is tightly wrapped in it, the blanket being also wrapped round him over it, and the bed and bed-clothes placed over all. He soon becomes warm, and feels a desire to go to sleep, and when the bath-man comes to take him out, at the expiration of an hour or so, the time seems too short. On being unrolled, a "shallow" or some other bath is given him, to close the pores of the skin. Or he may have been prescribed the "Compressed Air Bath," a French invention, which is used with good effect in cases of asthma, bronchitis, and incipient consumption. It consists of a circular chamber of iron plates, riveted together, and lined within and without by wood, so as to be perfectly air-tight. There are seats round the chamber, a small table, and an apparatus for regulating the pressure of air, which is indicated by barometric tubes. Into this chamber atmospheric air is pumped by a steam-engine, until it contains one-half more than the usual quantity, or, in other words, until the pressure of air amounts to 22½ lbs. to the inch. The patient, breathing the air thus compressed, takes in, of course, much more oxygen than usual, and the pressure of air lessens the irritation of the mucous membrane lining the bronchial tubes, besides producing other effects. Persons having weak chests breathe more freely in the bath, and the pulse is diminished in frequency. This bath occupies two hours, but patients have the privilege of going to sleep during their imprisonment. Another auxiliary of the water-cure, properly so called, is the Roman Bath, a variation of the Turkish Bath, which is now so generally known as to need no description.

There is an interval of exercise between the second bath and dinner, which is served at two o'clock. After dinner the reading-room and the drawing-room are open for an hour's rest. At about four o'clock the third and last bath of the day is taken, and is usually some partial application of water, which does not give much trouble. A walk or drive, or exercise of some kind, precedes and follows it as before, and brings on the time till seven o'clock, the hour for the evening meal. After a few days the baths, in most cases, cease to be an infliction, and are associated with pleasurable feelings, and languid dyspeptics who sum up their day's work are surprised to find how far they have walked with comparatively little fatigue. It must be owned, nevertheless, that there is a certain sense of satisfaction, on sitting down to tea, that the duties of the day are over. Irritable nerves and overworked brains feel now the soothing effects of the "treatment;" and most persons find no difficulty in carrying out the wise maxim, "to eat your food in a cheerful spirit." I hope it may be added, in a thankful one. Tea, cocoa, and pure bread-and-butter are the dainties at this meal, and dainties they are, served with the utmost neatness.

After tea there is usually music and singing in the drawing-room. Persons who do not wish to engage in the various amusements which take place there may seek the quiet of the reading-room, or of their own or their friends' rooms.

The day ends early, as it began. At ten o'clock a portion of the gas-lights are extinguished or lowered, as a hint to go to bed; and at eleven the gas is turned off at the meter, and the house plunged in darkness.

One day of this quiet, rural, social life is very like another; yet I think it rarely becomes wearisome, even to persons who have previously been accustomed to the excitement of active business habits. The patient's time is so occupied during the day that he has but little on his hands, and the effect of the "natural stimuli," and the sights and sounds of nature around him, is to induce a tranquil frame of mind, which in its turn doubtless contributes towards his cure.

On Sunday there are no baths prescribed, but one may be taken on getting out of bed by those who desire it. There are churches and chapels within easy distances, and a service is held in the house at eight o'clock in the evening, when prayers and a sermon are read. Sometimes on Sunday, or during the week, a few friends will assemble in a room for devotion, and occasionally a minister of the Gospel will meet them, and expound some portion of Scripture. Patients at establishments of this kind, who are constantly looking for the results of second causes under their immediate observation, may sometimes need to be reminded of a certain king, of whom it is recorded that in his illness "he sought not unto the Lord, but unto the physicians," and who died in consequence. The skill of the physician can avail nothing unless the Divine efficacy accompany the means employed.

Such, then, is the routine of a modern water-cure establishment, an institution *sui generis*, and altogether of recent creation.

☞ FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.—A curious trial is coming off at the Lincoln assizes. A married woman of the name of Martha Howell had fallen, it appears, so desperately in love with a young woman of the name of Johnson, living at Gainsborough, that after various fits of wild jealousy and violence caused by Miss Johnson's preference for other companions, she loaded a pistol and gave her her choice between returning to her old friendship or dying on the spot, after which Martha Howell intended to destroy herself. She put too much powder into the pistol, which jerked it upwards, so that though the pistol went off Miss Johnson escaped, but of the intention to kill there can be no doubt. Howell is said to be quite composed and clear in her mind, and to have expressed frequently her regret that she did not succeed, and her perfect willingness to be hanged if she had. Women's enthusiasm for each other is often of a vehement, frothy, and hysterical kind; but the "your love or your life" sort of passion was, we thought, reserved for another relation.—*London Paper, July 2.*

The Wedding Breakfast.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

The bride and groom are solely bent on the concluding ceremony, and getting away, "a happy pair," to the Continent, the mountains, or the lakes. Not a whit care they on whom the responsibility of the interesting ceremonial falls. They wish it to be "very pretty" of course, but beyond selecting a becoming veil and wreath, matter-of-fact assistance on the future bride's part is not to be expected. The bridegroom elect is almost as bad. He has put everything into the hands of everybody, and hopes it will all go right, but to any appeal beyond he is deaf as an adder—mute as a fish.

Yet some one must plan, "order," consider. It will never do to let those infatuated young people find their way alone to the altar and go starving on their trip. Friends must be invited; a breakfast must be had. But whom to invite, and what to provide, are questions that puzzle a bewildered parent sorely. Things are changed since she was married; so much is expected now-a-days. To over-do the affair would be vulgar; to fall short of what is usual would appear shabby. A wedding breakfast is an affair that requires consummate skill in its preparation. The distinguishing feature of the repast does not so much depend on the viands and wines as on the manner of serving them. It is in the *service de table* that the charm of the scene depends. Vases, epergnes, statuettes, and the cake-stand, are especially designed for these festive occasions. Groups of Parian, in which chubby Cupidons abound, are in place at such a time. Their absence would be felt; and no amount of family plate and glass would fill the void. Without them, the breakfast would resemble a ball supper, neither more nor less.

I am not certain whether, this season, it is the fashion to send wedding-cake, but a little time ago the old custom was revived, and cake was sent to every giver of a present to either bride or bridegroom.

The etiquette of cutting the cake at table is not generally well understood. This ceremony should take place just before the bride's health is proposed; it is only necessary for her to place the knife in the cake, the servant in attendance completing the task on removing it from table. In some skillfully-contrived cakes the difficulty of dividing the dense mass is anticipated, and a thin icing covers a crevice already formed by the cake having been previously cut.

Another delicate attention which I grieve ever to find omitted, is the distribution of the bride's bouquet. This pleasant duty devolves on the first bridesmaid, and is a privilege she should invariably exercise. Whilst the bridesmaids' health is being proposed and responded to, the first bridesmaid should distribute a flower from the bouquet to every gentleman at the table. It is an opportunity of bestowing an attention which only occurs at wedding-breakfasts, and is sometimes productive of marvellous results. The hour at which the repast takes place is generally regulated by the intended departure of the bride. If she leaves at an early hour, the guests take their places at table as soon as convenient after the return of the party from church. If otherwise, some little time is spent in conversation in the drawing-room, during which tea and coffee are served. The delay may be broken by inspecting the bridal presents; but as good taste in many instances dictates a contrary course, the custom of making the display is not arbitrary. When the bride leaves the dining-room, attended by the ladies of the company, she generally proceeds to change her dress and bid farewell to her family and friends. After a time the bridegroom retires, to make any necessary arrangements for the journey; and when the carriage is at the door it is customary for the gentlemen to line the hall, and wish the happy pair *bon voyage*, whilst ladies crowd to the balcony or windows and accompany their good wishes by the missile of the time-honored old shoe.

This reminds me of an amusing incident that occurred on the journey of a newly-married pair. Every arrangement had been studiously made not to excite observation. No sign of newness was visible in their luggage, the oldest portmanteau and well-worn boxes and trunks having been selected for the tour. The bride and bridegroom had dressed themselves in the plainest attire consistent with their station in life. The hour of departure having come, they had taken refuge in the quietest of broughams from the last embraces of friends. The order to start was given; a shower of old shoes followed the signal, shouts of laughter filled the air and echoed through the street. The destination of the happy couple was the Great Eastern terminus. On their way through the city the carriage was twice blocked. Every passer-by peeped into the brougham, and gave signs of mirth. Some laughed outright, others gave a broad grin, and went their way. Having occasion to stop for a few minutes to procure some trifle that had been overlooked, the bridegroom left the carriage; on returning he found the bride annoyed by a crowd of inquisitive persons staring at her. She was confused, he was wroth, and away the carriage drove at full speed. On reaching the station an obsequious porter presented himself at the door, and in the blandest voice suggested "Coupe, sir?" Again, a crowd assembled on the steps ill-concealed their amusement. What could it all mean? On removing the luggage the mystery was explained. A white satin shoe had fallen on the carriage, and told the tale the sly couple had been so anxious to conceal. ESA.

THE great Shakspearean demonstration in London has had a most melancholy ending. After the most strenuous efforts to raise a fund for erecting a monument to the poet, the report of the Committee announces that the entire receipts amount to only about £11,000, of which about £5,000 have been already spent in expenses. With the remaining £6,000 they propose now to erect a mere statue somewhere on the line of the new Thames embankment.—*Correspondent of Philada. Inquirer.*

SINCE the commencement of the war the city of Philadelphia has expended about seven million dollars for defence, bounties and support of soldiers' families. When the ward bounties, the individual contributions toward the raising of soldiers, the support of the Refreshment Saloons, the Volunteer Hospitals and the Ambulance system, and the contributions to the Central Fair are added to this aggregate, a truly grand sum total will be produced.

☞ "Children," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "children, you may have everything you want, but you mustn't want anything you can't have."

"Wanted, Correspondence."

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT WILSON TO EIGHT YOUNG LADIES.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 28, 1864.—To Eight Young Ladies, residing in Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan:—Ladies, permit me to address a few lines to you through the Tribune, in regard to "correspondence" with soldiers and officers serving in the army of our country. We, the officers and soldiers of the army, need and deserve the sympathy and counsel of our mothers, wives, sisters and lady acquaintances from the dear homes we have left behind. From these, letters are always acceptable, are read with a deep interest, and there is always a deep feeling of respect for the writers and the dear old homes whence they come. There is no levity or expression of vulgar thought, or lewd allusions to the writers of them, holy home thoughts of the dear ones we love so well, and often have I seen the bronzed face of the veteran, as well as the fair cheek of the young recruit, flushed with manly pride, or over them flowing tears that spoke louder than words of true hearts and brave men. Not so when your cold insipid and stale letters are received. There is generally a shout of derision from many voices as your carefully-written nonsense is retailed out to a corporal, sergeant, private, or may be a negro servant; and could you hear the vulgar wit and coarse expressions over your letters, and at your expense, I think, ladies, you would answer no more "Wanted correspondence for mutual cultivation." I trust, ladies, that this article may be of service to you, inasmuch as it will urge you to write only to those whom you know; and you may put it down for a fact that any soldier or officer advertising for lady correspondence, does so for no honorable or noble purpose. Ninety-nine out of every hundred such letters received by officers or soldiers are treated with contempt and derision.

Thus you see that your tender effusions, gushing out flowery and sentimental platitudes, are used to your disadvantage and injury. In many cases the officer or soldier takes pains to ascertain your true name, and then your letters not only reflect to your disadvantage, but bring disgrace to your friends. I know of one young lady who is the laughing-stock of a whole regiment, and many of them are, or were, friends and neighbors of hers, not two years ago. Her fair name and character are blighted, and one who has counted on her being something more than a friend to him in the future, has cast her aside, and her letters of truth to him are unanswered, or returned unopened. Ladies, good-bye. Learn from this to do better. Write to your known and tried soldier friends and relatives, and none other.

I am, ladies, your friend and well-wisher,

E. V. WILSON,
First Lieut. Co. H, 39th Reg't Wis. Vols.

The Republic of Jones.

The Natchez Courier gives an account of a curious "republic," which was organized in Jones county, Mississippi, a year or so ago. It appears that numbers of rebel deserters having congregated in the swamps of that county, determined to form a government for themselves. A rebel colonel Mowry, with a considerable force, was sent to disband them, and it was supposed had succeeded, but it now appears that the malcontents offered a desperate resistance, dispersing assailants, killing and wounding and capturing a considerable proportion of them. The commander-in-chief of the Jones forces made a report announcing his victory to the Secretary of War for the Republic of Jones. After the fight an armistice was entered into, and ministers were appointed to confer with the "so-called Confederate states." Propositions for peace and an exchange of prisoners were offered by the Jones authorities, and declined by the "so-called Confederate authorities."

The Jones Congress has met, and entertained the question of forming an alliance with the United States, but the government of the latter was not considered sound on the secession question, and consequently the proposition was defeated. At last accounts, the "Republic" was still in the enjoyment of health and strength, and determined to resist to the death the encroachments of the Confederacy. This is the story, in substance, as given by the Natchez Courier, and whether true or not forms an amusing as well as instructive picture of what would be the condition of some portions of the country should the "right of secession" be carried out to its fullest extent. In addition to the "Republic of Jones," we should then have the kingdom of Smith, the limited monarchy of Brown, and the absolute government of Robinson.

POST-OFFICE CURIOSITIES.—A formal, but most essential rule makes letters once posted the property of the Postmaster-General until they are delivered as addressed, and they must not be given up to the writers on any pretence whatever. One or two requests of this kind related to us, we are not likely soon to forget. On one occasion, a commercial traveller called at an office, and expressed a fear that he had enclosed two letters in wrong envelopes, the addresses of which he furnished. It appeared, from the account which he reluctantly gave, after the refusal to grant his request, that his position and prospects depended upon his getting his letters, and correcting the mistakes, inasmuch as they revealed plans which he had adopted to serve two mercantile houses in the same line of business, whose interests clashed at every point. * * * Another case occurred in which a fast young gentleman confessed to carrying on a confidential correspondence with two young ladies at the same time, and that he had, or feared he had, crossed two letters which he had written at the same sitting. * * * Writing of this, we are reminded of a case in which a country post-master had a letter put into his hand through the office-window, together with the following message, delivered with great emphasis: "Here's a letter; she wants it to go along as fast as it can, 'cause there's a feller wants to have her here; and she's courted by another feller that's not here, and she wants to know whether he is going to have her or not."—*Chambers's Journal.*

☞ COST OF STEAM BOILERS IN DIXIE.—A firm in Selma, Alabama, recently made to order, for a citizen of that place, a small steam boiler, etc., without special contract as to price. The gross weight of all the metal furnished was less than 1,500 lbs. The amount of their bill was $31,000. Payment of the bill was refused, on the ground that it was exorbitant. The matter was referred to arbitrators, who, after full investigation, decided that the amount which could be justly claimed by the boiler makers was $12,152, or $18,000 less than the bill.

Romance of the War.

In the absence of any war news, the correspondents are turning their attention to the quieter incidents of military life. One of them details the following little romance, which will afford ground enough for the efforts of half a dozen novelists. Its interest is heightened by the social position of one who figures in the story, who is no less than the daughter of ex-President Tyler:

Just before the army crossed the James river, and while our corps was in the vicinity of Charles City Court House, private John Kick (not a very romantic name for the hero of my brief romance, but "what's in a name?"), of the 2d New York Rifles, was taken sick, and was left at the house of the late ex-President Tyler. An aged relative of the family and Miss Tyler, the President's daughter—a lady young, good looking, and withal strongly rebellious—were the occupants of the mansion, which, I should say, *en passant*, was ransacked to some extent by our soldiers before a guard was stationed to protect it. The army, in course of time, passed away, and the sick man languished in the luxurious rooms of his fair young host, in whose breast pity and sympathy soon emerged into the stronger passion which "rules the camp, the court, the grove." Forgotten was the hated blue of the Federal soldier; forgotten the vandal work which still left its traces behind; forgotten the anger with which of yore Virginia's foemen were wont to inspire all true (?) daughters of that state. She loved the Yankee, and the young rifleman returned her love, as the novels say. Of course, the next proceeding was matrimony. A minister was found, and they were united in the bonds of matrimony—more fortunate, in this respect, than the prototypical Romeo and Juliet.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S TURKISH BATH.—The first occasion on which I ever saw Dr. Whately (observes a correspondent) was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend Dr. Field to visit professionally some members of the archbishop's household at Redesdale, Stillorgan. The ground was covered by two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. Knowing the archbishop's character for humanity, I expressed much surprise to see an old laboring man in his shirt-sleeves felling a tree "after hours" in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly on his wrinkled face. "That laborer," replied Dr. Field, "whom you think the victim of prelatical despotism, is no other than the archbishop curing himself of a headache. When his grace has been reading and writing more than ordinarily, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts both to flight by rushing out with an axe, and slashing away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound slumber, and gets up buoyant."—*Fitzpatrick's Memoirs of Archbishop Whately.*

CHARLESTON.—A private letter from a lady in Charleston describes the present condition of the people of that city:

"It is trying indeed to me to feed and clothe my family of eight. I shall be thankful if I live through this unnatural and horrid business, and am able to save my little ones from absolute want and starvation. We live principally on corn bread and rice, with not a piece of fresh beef more than once in three weeks, and no tea, coffee, or sugar. Twenty-five dollars of Confederate money is really worth about one dollar of former times. There are, however, innumerable persons in the South far worse off than us. The following are the prices of living: Beef, $5 per pound; bacon, $5 and $6 per pound; corn-meal, $15 and $20 per bushel; flour $275 and $300 per barrel; molasses, $40 per gallon, etc."

GEN. SCOTT'S MOTHER.—In the opening paragraph of his autobiography, which is now in press, Gen. Scott pays the following beautiful tribute to his mother. He says:

"According to the family Bible, I was born June 13, 1786, on the farm which I inherited, some fourteen miles from Petersburg, Va. My parents, William Scott and Ann Mason, both natives of the same neighborhood, inter-married in 1780. * * * In my sixth year I lost my father, a gallant lieutenant, captain in the Revolutionary Army, and a successful farmer. Happily, my dear mother was spared to me eleven years longer, and if, in my now protracted career, I have achieved anything worthy of being written, anything that my countrymen are likely to honor in the next century, it is from the lessons of that admirable parent that I derived the inspiration."

SLOWNESS OF WAR.—Park Goodwin at a war meeting held in New York recently said:

"Europe says we are slow. I remember that the great Wellington took six years to drive Napoleon out of Spain, a country as large as Virginia, and then he retired because of reverse elsewhere. Four nations of Europe took two years to occupy the Crimea, a country about as large as New Jersey. England took twenty-eight months to repress the Sepoy rebellion, about as great an undertaking as to put down a rebellion among the negroes of a South Carolina county. France has in more than a year succeeded in getting only about one hundred and eighty miles into Mexico, where she holds a very insecure position. We think that England had better look at home before criticising the movements of our armies."

CHINESE METHOD OF MENDING IRON.—The Chinese are dexterous menders of broken iron vessels. Their method is described by Dr. Lockhart. The surface of the broken vessel is first scraped clean. A portion of cast iron is then melted in a crucible no bigger than a thimble, in a furnace as large as the lower half of a tumbler. The iron when melted is dropped on a piece of felt covered with charcoal ashes. It is pressed inside the vessel against the hole to be filled up, and as it exudes on the other side it is struck and pressed with a small roll of felt covered with ashes. The new and old iron adhere, and the superfluous metal being removed, the vessel is as good as new.

☞ IMPORTANT FACT.—A gentleman who has repeatedly suffered from the bites of venemous reptiles, while wandering through the ruins of Palenque in Chiapas, says he was in the habit of enlarging the wound with a lancet, introducing some *butter of antimony*, applying a ligature above the wound, and taking ten drops of ammonia in water every fifteen minutes. The lives of himself and servant were repeatedly saved in this way, while four native attendants, not using these precautions, perished.

SHOOTING ENDWAYS.—The secesh don't seem to fancy Sherman's mode of fighting. They don't see the beauties of *flank* movements. Captain Bull says: "A secesh lady here, one of the numerous class too poor to move south with the retreating rebel army, in conversation with some of our officers, stated that Gen. Johnson would have fought our forces back at Resaca, but 'Mr. Thomas didn't fight fair. He took his company round and shot at them (the rebels) *endways*,' and that 'Mr. Hooker didn't fight fair either. He did the same thing.' Meaning that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hooker flanked Gen. Johnson. She seemed to think it very mean of the Yankees to take such an unfair advantage. She said 'as soon as we quit shooting *endways*, he was going to fight us.' 'Shooting endways' has come to be quite a byword with the boys."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The stocks and receipts of all kinds continue light. Sales 10,000 bbls Flour at $9.50@10.50 for western and Pennsylvania extras, $11.50 for city mills do, made from new wheat, and $10@12 for low grade old stock; 400 bbls Brandywine at $12, and 1,000 bbls fancy western at $12.50@12.75 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour is worth $9.50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat is in good demand. Sales of 35,000 bushels, mostly reds, at $2.45@2.55 for old Pennsylvania; $2.00@2.05 for new do; $2.00@2.09 for new southern, and $2.70@2.90 for white, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is offered at 1.80@1.85. Corn—Sales 27,000 bushels at $1.73@1.70 for yellow; $1.66@1.67 for white, and $1.71@1.67 for western mixed. Oats—About 25,000 bushels sold at 85@86c for new, 88@90c for mixed, and 90@95c for old Pennsylvania. Barley—Sale of new Pennsylvania is reported at $1.20.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally continues almost at a stand still; we quote Mess Pork at $37@41 for light and heavy Western and city packed. Beef is quiet at $20@22 ₩ bbl. Bacon, plain and fancy bagged Hams are dull at 20@25c; sides at 17@17½c, and shoulders at 16@16½c. Green Meats are scarce at 18@20c for salt and pickled Hams including 100 tcs of the latter rate; 100 casks Sides at 17½c, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Lard—Sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 20½@21c, ten latter for prime Western. Butter ranges at 32@41c. Cheese is worth 21@23c ₩ lb for good and choice dairies, and Eggs 20@21c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue very light. Sales 400 bales, mostly within the range of $1.70@1.80 for ordinary to good middling quality.

BARK—Sales 150 hhds Quercitron at $51 for 1st No 1; Tanners' Bark is firm at $18@19 for Chestnut, and $21@22 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is quoted at 35@37c ₩ lb.

COAL—There is less demand both for shipment and home use; and prices are unsettled, ranging at about $11 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is dull; sales of Rio and Laguayra at 48@49c cash.

FEATHERS are selling at 63@68c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Green Apples and Peaches, which are abundant and low, the former selling at 2½@3c, and the latter at 25c to 75c ₩ basket.

HAY is limited at $28@30 ₩ ton.

HOPS are more active at 25@35c ₩ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple is unsettled; sales of Anthracite Pig at $65@72 ₩ ton, cash, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is firm at $80.

LEAD—A sale of 500 pigs Galena at $10½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER is selling moderately at $32@36 for Susquehanna; $24 for Lehigh Hemlock, and $26@30 for Yellow Sap Boards. White Pine Shingles range at $20@25, and Laths at $2,25@2,50, the latter from the yards.

MOLASSES is inactive. Sale 500 hhds Trinidad at 88@89c, and 100 bbls Syrup at 85c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER is in demand at $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseed at $13½@14, and retcleaned seed $15@16 ₩ bushel. Timothy—250 bags sold at $5,50 ₩ bus. Flaxseed—Sales of 700 bus at $3,60@3,62 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quoted at about $2,25. Whiskey—Sales of bbls at $170@175c for Pennsylvania and Western.

SUGARS are firm, but very inactive, and only about 800 hhds, mostly Cuba, found buyers in lots at 20@21½c.

TALLOW—Sales of city at 19@19½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is firm, sales 500,000 lbs, mostly low and medium fleece, within the range of 105@115c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from $10 to 15,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 1200 Hogs at from $15 to 16,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7½c ₩ lb. Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a very valuable article, and one that it would be well for every householder to have at hand, in case of bruises, scalds, burns, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera, fever and ague, and the host of diseases, external and internal, which it is adapted to cure or alleviate.—*Salem Observer.*

ASTHMA OR PHTHISIC.—A spasmodic affection of the Bronchial Tubes, which are covered with a dry, tenacious phlegm.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will in some cases give immediate relief.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JACOB BARNES, of this city, to Miss MARY A. SALISBURY, of Norristown, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Hinson, Mr. CHARLES D. BRITTON, to Miss MARY A. THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, Mr. WILLIAM JONES, to Miss AMANDA BRUSSON, both of this city.

On the 21st of June, by the Rev. Samuel Laird, Mr. HENRY GRIESEL, to Miss MARY E. DURAND, of this city.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. John B Dales, MICHAEL HIGGINS, to Miss GEORGIANA A. DANIELS, both deaf mutes, of this city.

On the 1st instant by the Rev. F. T. Calthopper, RICHARD T. BROWN, to ALICE F., only daughter of the late Lieut. Henry Hunterson, both of this city.

On the 5th of April, by the Rev. Geo A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM COWLS, to Miss SARAH A. HARROP, both of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, MARY, widow of the late Chas. S. Carstairs, and daughter of Morton McMichael.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM BEATTY, in his 57th year.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH SOLANT, aged 53 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH DAUER, in her 67th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JOSEPH DENSFORD, in his 59th year.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE T., son of Henry and the late Mary A. Lex, in his 23d year.

On the 7th instant, LOUISA F. SMITH, in her 27th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. REBECCA ANN, wife of James Long, aged 71 years.

On the 6th instant, Miss MARGARET MARTIN, in her 30th year.

On the 6th instant, THOMAS S. HALE, in his 26th year.

On the 6th instant, ANN C. WILKINS, in her 75th year.

EXTRA ATTENTION TO STRANGERS DURING THE SANITARY FAIR.
Full stock of FANCY GOODS.
Full stock of STAPLE GOODS.
Full stock of SUMMER SHAWLS.
Full stock of BLACK SILKS.
EYRE & LANDELL,
mar12-1y 400 ARCH Street.

THOSE who are inclined to be alarmed, and to complain of the rapid increase of our national debt, would do well to consider the experience of other nations. The battle of Waterloo closed sixty-five years of English war, in which time the Government borrowed $4,175,000,000, and raised $105,945,000,000 by taxes, a total of $110,120,000,000 expended in war, for purposes which certainly did not rise to the level of national preservation.

☞ In New Bedford the cows yield polly-wogs; at any rate, they are found in milk.

MOUNT, BOYS, MOUNT.

Song of the 20th New York Cavalry. By Charles T. Hammond.

"Then, mount, boys, mount! drive the rowels in the side,
Let yo r sabres be flashing in the sun,
For we'll charge the rebel crew with our Yankee Doodle Doo,
And we'll drive them into Kingdom come."

This new and splendid Cavalry Song, will be sent, post-paid, for 30 cts. Sold by all Music Dealers.
OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
aug20-4t Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC.
jel8-1y

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39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7-30 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my2-1y

B. FRANK PALMER.
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609,
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prize" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor adored.*
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WENDEROTH & TAYLOR,
PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,
912, 914 and 916 Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.
Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.
☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.
☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.
N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

A few applications on the face and hands will make them soft, white and beautiful as an infant, adding six years in youthful appearance. It can be made by any one in five minutes.
A full recipe will be sent on receipt of $1 by
DR. A. G. MEEKER,
1t Knox., Clarion Co., Pa.

WONDERFUL! STRANGE!—Full instructions for mastering the art of Ventriloquism and make a world of fun. Price 25 cents, or 6 for one dollar by mail. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. 1t

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
aug13-4t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1 sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

PROPOSALS FOR LOAN.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, July 25, 1864.

Notice is hereby given that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as Depositaries and Financial Agents, for Treasury Notes payable three years from August 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable twenty years from August 15, 1867.

The Notes will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The party depositing must endorse upon the *original* certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15 on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper endorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Subscriptions will be received by the
First National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Second National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
Third National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.
First National Bank of Allentown, Pa.
AND ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS & BANKERS
throughout the country will doubtless
AFFORD FACILITIES TO SUBSCRIBERS.
aug13-2t

WILLCOX & GIBBS
Sewing Machine.
It is entirely noiseless.
A patent device prevents it being turned backward.
The needle cannot be set wrong.
It received the Gold Medal of the American Institute in 1863.
Send for a circular containing full information, notices from the press, testimonials from those using the machine, &c. JAMES WILLCOX,
Manufacturer, 505 Broadway, New York.
PRINCIPAL OFFICES:
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HAMBURG—44 Hermann Street,
PARIS—82 Boulevard de Sebastopol,
ST. PETERSBURGH—15 Gorochovay,
VIENNA—9 Wildpretmarket,
BRUSSELS—12 Rue Croisade,
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—292 Pitt Street.
jy2-3m

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Commencing Monday, June 20, 1864, from WALNUT Street Pier.
FOR CAPE MAY.
At 6 and 10 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Salem and Bridgeton at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
For Glassboro' at 6, 9 and 10 A. M.; 4 and 4:30 P. M.
For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 6 and 9 A. M., 12 M., and 4 and 6 P. M.
RETURNING TRAINS.
Leave Cape May at 6 and 11:45 A. M., and 5:10 P. M.
Leave Millville at 7:40 A. M. and 1:52 and 6:50 P. M.
Leave Salem at 6 A. M. and 1:15 P. M.
Leave Bridgeton at 6:15 A. M and 1:30 P. M.
Leave Glassboro' at 7:10 and 8:35 A. M. and 2:23, 3 and 7:50 P. M.
Leave Woodbury at 7, 7:40 and 8:54 A. M. and 2:50, 3:29, 5:15 and 5:12 P. M.
THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY, Office No. 5 Walnut street, will call for and deliver Baggage and attend to all the usual branches of Express business. Heavy articles taken by the 6 A. M. line only, and must be sent to the office the evening previous. Perishable articles by this line must be sent before 5½ A. M. A special messenger accompanies each train. J. VAN RENSSELAER,
jy16-3t Superintendent.

$100 PER MONTH.—ACTIVE AND RELIABLE Agents in the Army and everywhere else, in the most lucrative business known. Honorable and no risk. Address or apply to T. & O. GAUGHAN, 116 Broadway, New York. jy9-4t

AGENTS WANTED.—$50 per month guaranteed. For terms and specimens, address with stamp, L. L. TODD & CO.,
jy9-3m New York.

The Blessing of Domestic Service

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

I doubt whether any of us either appreciate as we ought this remarkable boon, or ever remember to give thanks for it to God. If the day should ever come to us in this land, which has come ere now to our countrymen in English colonies, when an opportunity of larger and speedier gains shall tempt domestic servants into a different employment; emptying our homes of them altogether, or raising the wages of service beyond the reach of common wealth; so that men and women of gentle birth shall have to perform with their own hands those menial offices which they have hitherto devolved as of right upon inferiors; then at length we shall learn to value the blessing which we have despised, and to wish that in days like these we had known how to treasure it.

It is a common complaint that servants are not now what we once remember them. Every one's memory goes back to some peaceful and well-ordered home, in which cleanliness and propriety and comfort seemed to reign almost of themselves, and in which the machinery of the household moved as by clockwork under the guidance of a presiding will which needed not to enforce, scarcely to express itself. We saw not the process of [illegible]; we saw only the result. We traced not the careful personal training, the calm yet observant presence of a guiding eye, the patient work of instruction, the gentle hint of reproof, by which some pious mistress had for years regulated the household, and wrought her servants into an efficiency which comes not by wishing and comes not by chance. Servants were then—are not servants now, to speak generally?—what a master and a mistress made them. Or if there be now, as we cannot doubt there is, an increase, in all ranks of society, of vain pretension; if each order will tread upon the heels of one above it, aping the manners and the dress and the language which it sees or imagines in that class which is just near enough to be envied; still, we ourselves are much to blame for this: we are doing the same; it is our ambition to step into the place above us, just as much as it can be our servants' ambition to usurp ours; and is a short-sighted as well as uncharitable severity which throws upon the rank next behind us all the reproach of that onward pressure which is the combined result of the pushing and thrusting of a whole restless throng.

Of this we are well assured, that a good master and mistress will seldom be afflicted through life with bad servants. The ruled are generally what the ruler makes them.

In many families an amount of work is thrown upon one servant, which is quite out of all proportion to time and strength. A young girl is hired into a large family, of which the chief burden is at once thrown upon her alone. Nursing and cleaning, cooking and waiting, perpetual calls and countless errands, all are accumulated upon the one person who, so far as age and strength, knowledge and experience, are concerned, is the least able to bear them. The condition of many a slave on an American plantation is far, far preferable, outwardly at least, to hers. But just because it is not nominally slavery, just because there is a form of hiring and a pretence of remuneration, Christian consciences are clear in the matter, and the transaction passes for a religious as well as a legal one. My friends, these things ought not so to be. It is true, this young girl has hired herself to your service. But you well know that in that hiring she was scarcely a free agent. She belonged to a family which could not support her. If you cared to know all, you might find that she had a drunken father, or a heartless stepmother, who had grudged her for years past her poor modicum of education, and who have now turned her out of the family nest to pick up a pittance for herself where she can by service. She has not the knowledge, she has not had the training, for anything better than a place like yours. She must take what she can find, and she has lighted upon you. Now I venture to say that that servant-girl has a right to your consideration in the assignment of her duties. You must lay no burden upon her which you do not feel and know that she is equal to. Whatever you could allow a daughter of your own to bear or to do at her age and in her condition, that, and that only, must you lay upon her. And if you say that, because you pay a servant, you have a right to be eased altogether of every inconvenient duty, I reply that there is a fallacy in such reasoning, for which the God of reason and of conscience must call you to a reckoning. Let your children work as well as she. Or else deny yourself something—something of dress, or something of luxury, or something of amusement—and keep two servants where you now keep one. These are plain words; too plain, it may be: but it is in such plainness that Christian morality must express itself, or it will miss altogether the mark of its high and responsible calling.

Again—It has somehow come to be supposed that a servant must be perfect in order to keep a place. Children are full of faults, and up to any age. Children's faults are smiled at, played with, thought endearing, spoken of sometimes as signs of spirit, indications of character, &c. To the end you spare your son's frailties, even when they have run on into vices. But it is otherwise with your servants. They must be perfect; perfect in self-control, perfect in steadiness, perfect in temper, perfect in respectfulness. If they forget themselves but in one instance, they are not servants for you. In the brief transit from a comfortless home to a comfortless place, they must have unlearnt all faults and acquired all virtues. The first passionate answer of an overwrought, over-driven slave; the first forgetfulness of entire respect on the part of one who has been at last goaded into petulance by repeated fault-finding and unvaried harshness; is a reason for threatening dismissal, and (if it occurs once again) for executing it. Now, I dare to say that this is a rule the application of which to ourselves none could bear. A Christian family ought to be, to a young servant, a place of discipline as well as a place of trial. Faults ought to be carefully observed, firmly reproved, and kindly struggled with. A naturally quick temper ought not to be irritated by scolding. A naturally vain disposition ought not to be pampered by praise. A natural forgetfulness ought to be schooled by patient reproof into thoughtfulness, and a natural sullenness drawn out by considerate gentleness into a Christian confidence. These are the offices of a Christian matron towards those whom God's providence has placed for a time under her charge and oversight. She is as much bound to study the character, and to deal wisely with the tendencies of her servants, as of her children. God give grace to more and more among us to recognize and to fulfill this great, this oft-neglected stewardship!

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

CHARLES FITZ CHARLES.—"Once more, let me whisper in thine ear (he meant *ear-trumpet*) the words of love—and oh! believe—that you shall settle your money on yourself, with contingent remainder to your own Charley."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A WORSTED TRADESMAN.—A man some six feet three inches in height and of herculean build, went into a hosier's shop in Worcester, the other day, and asked if they had got any "whirlers," that is, stockings without feet. "No," said the shopkeeper, "but we have got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a person as you." Let's have a look at them," said the man. The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. The working Hercules selected the largest pair, and said, "What's the price of them?" "Four shillings and ninepence," was the rejoinder. "Can you cut the feet off them?" was the next query. "Oh, certainly," said the shopkeeper. "Then cut them off," was the laconic direction. No sooner said than done. The long shop shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless. "And what's the price of 'em now?" asked the customer, with all the composure imaginable. "Price of 'em now?" echoed the "worsted" merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity of the question; "why, four shillings and ninepence, to be sure." "Four shillings and ninepence!" exclaimed the purchaser; "I never gave but one shilling and sixpence for a pair of 'whirlers' in my life," and he laid down the amount upon the counter. "Well," replied the tradesman, chopfallen and fairly outwitted, and throwing the mutilations at him, "take them and be off with you! You've 'whirled' me this time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roguish gang shall do it again as long as I live."

A SHRIEKING HEAD.—The manager of the Berlin theatre got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with a cloth, on the table was a basin, and an actor, concealed under the cloth, poked up his head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious; the audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily a wag, who had been strolling about the stage, had sprinkled a spoonful of sneezing powder on the basin, and just as the tyrant finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, changing the audience "from grave to gay" with remarkable expedition.

ETIQUETTE.—When your host's servant announces dinner, jump up from your chair, cry out, in a hearty manner, "Off we goes," and rush down-stairs.

On entering the dining-room, lift up the different covers and choose your dish.

When making a call, see that your boots are quite clean before going into the house. If they are not, take them off and request the servant to polish them, before ascending to the drawing-room.

Always carry your hat into any room, and whirl it round and round on the handle of your stick or umbrella; this gives an air of unconcerned good breeding while carrying on a conversation, and finds an occupation for your hands.—*Punch.*

JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a drunken fellow who was lying in the ditch.

"Hallo, Father Wesley! I'm glad to see you. How do you do?"

"I don't know you," said Mr. Wesley, reining up his horse. "Who are you?"

"Don't know me! Why, sir, you are the very man who converted me."

"I reckon I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting spurs to his horse; "at least one thing is evident—the Lord had nothing to do with it."

☞ "I say, Bill, what do those chaps mean by an accordeon?" "Don't you know?—why, it's an eddicated bellows."

NEW FRENCH METHOD OF RENDERING A HORSE QUIET WHILE BEING SHOD.—The head of the animal being covered, so that he cannot perceive what is going on around him, and an assistant having a hold of the bridle, another person stands in front, and orders the horse to lift his left hind foot. In reply, the horse most probably begins to kick violently. A smart blow is then administered by the person who has spoken, on his cheeks with each hand—the hands, instead of being removed after the blows, being strongly pressed on the cheeks. A new order is given to lift the foot, and is again disobeyed, but less energetically than at first. The blows on the cheeks are repeated for the second time. At the third repetition, the animal trembles all over; and, resistance being at an end, he is shod as easily as the quietest horse.

Consumption.

Consumptive people die for want of strength, want of flesh, want of nutriment; not for want of lung substance, as is almost universally supposed. They die, in almost every instance, long before the lungs are consumed, so far as to be incapable of sustaining life. Numerous cases are given where men have lived for years with an amount of available lungs not equal to one-fourth of the whole. They were there, perhaps, but not available, not efficient. The majority of persons who die of consumption, perish before a *third* of the lungs have consumed away, in consequence of loose bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, night sweats, want of sleep, clogging up of the lungs with matter and mucus by the daily use of cough drops, balsams, tonics, or other destructive agents. These symptoms need but be controlled to protect life indefinitely; that is to say, if the symptoms were prescribed for according to general principles, and properly nursed, letting the consumptive portion of the disease alone, it would sometimes cure itself, or at least allow the patient to live in reasonable comfort for a number of years.

The reader may almost imagine that he has a clue to the cure of consumption, if he could but give the patient phosphorus and lime, or phosphate of lime—that is, burnt bones—eight or ten grains, with the first mouthful of each meal, so as to let it be mixed with the food and carried with it into the blood: from twenty to thirty grains being daily needed in health. The scientific world were charmed less than a hundred years ago by the discovery of oxygen. It was supposed that as oxygen was a constituent of the air which imparted vitality to the blood, gave it its purity, its activity, and filled the man with life and animation, nothing was needed but to take enough oxygen to purify the blood, and thus strike at the root of all disease. Accordingly, the oxygen was *prepared* and administered. The recipient revived, was transported, was fleet as the antelope, could run with the wind. He smiled, he faintly yelled for joy, and—died, laughing, or from over excitement. The machine worked too fast; it could not be stopped, and pure oxygen has never been taken for health since.

Thus it will, perhaps, always be with artificial remedies; they cannot equal those which are prepared in Nature's manufactory. The phosphate of lime, in order to answer the purposes of nature, must be eliminated from the healthful digestion of substantial food in the stomach, and the only natural and efficient means of obtaining the requisite amount is, to regulate the great glands of the system in such a manner as to cause the perfect digestion of a sufficient amount of suitable food, ☞ and this is within the power of the scientific practitioner, in the great majority of cases of Consumption, when attempted in its early stages; but for confirmed Consumption—that is, when the lungs have begun to decay away, it is criminal to hold out any promises of cure, or even of essential relief, in any given instance.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ Some twenty or thirty years ago old Phleg, up in Chester county, was telling his friend Jones concerning a fight. Phleg had very little education, but Jones was a man of right smart reading. So Phleg went on telling that they "fit and fit." "And," said Jones, with a knowing look, "did they keep on fitting?" Old Phleg drew himself up, looking sour as buttermilk into Jones's face, he said: "You're mighty precise about language—font, then, blast you."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Destruction of Forests.

The most notable and serious modifications effected by man's agency, are those caused by the destruction of forests. The cutting away of wood not only changes the appearance of the landscape, and the character of the spot laid under the axe; when practised to a large extent, its effects extend to great distances—perhaps over the whole continent, and almost revolutionize climates, soils and surfaces. The forest retards evaporation, and offers an effectual barrier to the wind. Its porous soil, and still more porous accumulation of vegetable debris, absorb and retain the moisture, and its tangled masses of stick and roots restrain the fury of torrents, and prevent the devastation they might otherwise occasion. From these circumstances, it is free from the extremes of summer and winter temperature; it acts as a constant condenser of moisture in the atmosphere, and promote frequent and copious showers. When the forests are taken away, these conservative elements go with them. The order and character of the seasons are disturbed; they become more uncertain, the lines that divide them less distinct. Noah Webster observed this fact in America, even before the commencement of the present century. Said he in 1779, "When the forest is gone, the reservoir of moisture stored up in its vegetable mold is evaporated, and returns only in deluges of rain to wash away the parched dust into which that mold has been converted. The well wooded and humid hills are turned to ridges of dry rock, which encumbers the low grounds and chokes the water-courses with its *debris*—and except in countries favored with an equable distribution of rain through the seasons, and a moderated and regular inclination of surface—the whole earth, unless rescued by human art from the physical degradation to which it tends, becomes an assemblage of bald mountains, of barren, turfless hills, and of swampy and malarious plains. There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where the operation of causes set in action by man has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though, within that brief space of time which we call 'the historical period,' they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man: nor can they become again fitted for human use, except through great geological changes, or other mysterious influences or agencies, of which we have no present knowledge, and over which we have no prospective control."

He foresees that a desolation, like that which has overwhelmed many more beautiful and fertile regions of Europe, awaits an important part of the territory of the United States, and of other comparatively new countries over which European civilization is now extending its way, unless prompt measures are taken to check the action of the destructive causes already in operation.—*Man and Nature, by G. P. Marsh.*

INFLUENCE OF STRAWBERRY PLANTS ON TREES.—There are but few, if any, cultivated plants so pernicious to fruit trees and berry bushes as the strawberry when planted around and near to them. They not only feed largely upon the mineral, vegetable, and electrical ingredients of the earth, but also partake of the life-producing qualities which surround them in the atmosphere. While the strawberry looks thrifty and vivacious, the other fruits it has encompassed appear wan and sickly, notwithstanding the soil they stand upon may be rich and fertile. You must not expect large rich fruits to grow within its surroundings, for the natural reason that the strawberry plant holds a stronger affinity in attracting the gases and electrical currents from the vivifying atmosphere, and the more crude and unmellowed absorbents from the earth.—*S. W. Jewett, in the Albany (N. Y.) Country Gentleman.*

HOME-MADE POUDRETTE.—Mr. John Marston, Bucks county, Pa., who has been familiar with the manufacture of poudrette on a large scale for many years, prepares it for his own use in the following manner: His vault is built of stone, 8 by 4 feet square and four feet deep, the bottom laid in stone and the whole cemented over. The privy is 4 by 3½ feet; leaving 4½ feet of the vault outside of the house. This portion is covered by two slanting doors placed so as to shed rain. Within these doors is placed a heap of fine coal ashes and a shovel. The coal ashes can be thrown over the droppings every few days with but very little trouble. Mr. M. finds the coal ashes to act as an excellent absorbent, and he prefers them for this purpose to any kind of earth.

THE BRAHMA FOWLS.—A farmer in Massachusetts who has had experience in keeping poultry of different breeds, and upon a somewhat extensive scale, has decided in favor of the Brahmas. He says "they surpass in laying qualities, and for the market, any breed of fowls he has ever kept." This opinion also corresponds with that of many parties in this city and elsewhere who have given them a fair trial.—*Maine Farmer.*

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A writer in the Rural New Yorker, says that he has found by accident, that dough raised with milk rising is a sure and safe remedy for gapes in chickens, fed while fermenting, but while still sweet. He has tried it for six years, but says that where he seasons the feed of his chickens with salt, as for cooking, they never have the gapes.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take 1 doz. ears of sweet corn, 1 pint cream, three eggs, 4 tablespoonsful flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, a little butter, and salt to the taste. Grate the corn and beat the eggs and all well together—adding the whites of the eggs (very well beaten) the last thing before putting into the bakepan, which must be well greased. Bake one hour, in a good oven.

LEMON SYRUP.—The fragrant essence of the rind of 3 or 4 lemons, obtained by the following process: After cleaning off every speck on the outer rind of the fruit, break of a large piece of loaf sugar, and rub the lemon on it till the yellow rind is completely absorbed; loaf sugar 4 ounces; juice of 3 or 4 lemons; water, 1 quart.

APPLE JELLY.—Pare, quarter, and completely remove the core of the apples, and put in a pot without water, closely covered, and put into an oven or over the fire. When pretty well stewed the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, to which a little of the white of an egg is added, and then the sugar; skim it previous to boiling, and then reduce it to a proper consistency, and an excellent jelly will be the result.—*Maine Farmer.*

DUTCH CHEESE.—Heat sour milk until a whey rises; then pour in a bag, and hang up to drain two or three hours; take it out, mash and salt it to taste; add cream just sufficient to form in balls the size of an egg.

SMALL POX.—The *Sarracenia Purpurea*, spoken of as a remedy for the small pox, is the common pitcher plant, or huntsman's cup, found from New England to Wisconsin, and southward east of the Alleghenies. If the statement concerning its curative powers is correct, the discovery is of great importance. We see it stated that of sixty cases of small pox at the Massachusetts State Alms-house, treated with this remedy, all recovered but one, and in that case the patient was very far gone with the disease when brought under treatment.—*Portland Transc.*

WATER PUDDING.—To 8 tablespoonsful of water add the juice and rind of 1 lemon, ½ lb. of sugar, ¼ lb. of butter, the yolk of 4 eggs, and the whites beaten to a froth. Bake it for 1 hour in a slow oven.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 18, 6, 10, 4, 29, 9, is a river in South America.
My 12, 23, 24, is a river in Asia.
My 29, 22, 17, 33, 32, is a river in Africa.
My 5, 2, 27, 14, is a river in Scotland.
My 35, 34, 28, is a river in Europe.
My 33, 15, 16, 28, 25, is a river in Michigan.
My 7, 15, 8, 17, 20, 11, 14, is a river in Texas.
My 13, 16, 15, is a river in South Carolina.
My 23, 18, 16, 19, 21, is a river in New York.
My 15, 16, 3, 28, 33, 16, 17, is a river in Virginia.
My 4, 18, 31, 27, 15, is a river in Vermont.
My 10, 6, 23, 30, 15, is a river in Africa.
My whole is an old saying. M. W. G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first means rabid, fierce, insane,
With unchecked passion wild.
My second heads a little train,
The pest of many a child.

My third dispenses cheerful light
Through many a spacious dome,
Gives brightness to the gloom of night,
And cheerfulness to home.

My fourth, the wight for travel bound,
Still seeks with hasty stride,
Breathlessly rushing o'er the ground,
Lest he should miss his ride.

My whole at once must now appear
To every one distinct and clear.

Wilmington.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in Russia.
A range of mountains in Asia.
A prison.
A river in India.
A river in Spain.
A city in China.
A town in Mexico.
A town in France.
A river in Germany.
A body of water.
A county in Pennsylvania.
A town in Pennsylvania.
A town in Germany.
A river in Africa.
My finals form the name of a battle of the present war, and my initials the name of the Union officer commanding. S. B. WEST.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the best weekly paper now published in America.
My second is usually dreaded, the nearer we approach it.
My whole is a price established by law.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR.

Cincinnati, O.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a vessel in the form of a conical frustrum, whose top diameter, bottom diameter and depth are respectively 25, 9 and 16 inches, which is full of water. It is required to find at what distance above the ground the vessel must be placed so that if a circular hole two inches in diameter be made through the centre of the bottom the water first leaving the vessel will reach the ground at the same instant the vessel gets empty.

REUBEN BARTO.

Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A pendulum rod, 36 inches long, is suspended 4 inches below its upper end, with a weight of 50 pounds connected to that end. What weight must be fixed to the lower end so that in vibrating it may have with the most ease the greatest momentum possible?

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What town in Massachusetts signifies "proceed with reproach?" Ans.—Taunton.

☞ When is the neuralgia in the face like the ancient money changers? Ans.—When it is seated in the temple.

☞ When is a policeman like a Samaritan? Ans.—When he comes out of *Some area.*

☞ What musical instruments do you carry in your head? Ans.—Organs.

☞ How can you make a tall man short? Ans.—Ask him to lend you some money.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Capture of the rebel steamer Magnolia by the Brooklyn, in the Gulf of Mexico, February nineteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two. ENIGMA—The massacre at Fort Pillow. CHARADE—Richmond. RIDDLE—Deacon and Peterson.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. MARTIN, published July 2d—$\frac{1}{8}\frac{0}{1}$. Walter Siverly.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM same date—507.81 cubic in. Walter Siverly. 798.993882 cubic in. Morgan Stevens.

☞ AN AWFUL PUN.—Waifer was engaged in a discussion as to the probabilities of a future existence for mankind. "The doubts and anxieties on the subject are agonizing," said he. "Would that I were of henkind, and then I should have all my doubts resolved in this life." "Why a hen?" asked Paraphine. "Because they," said Waifer with a solemn air, "they have their *necks twisted* in this!"

☞ Mr. Punch was asked whether it was possible to cure a blind alley; whom that mighty genius readily replied: "Certainly; I should first begin my improving its *sight*."